CAMP-FIRES ON THE SCIOTO

BY

CHARLES S. WOOD

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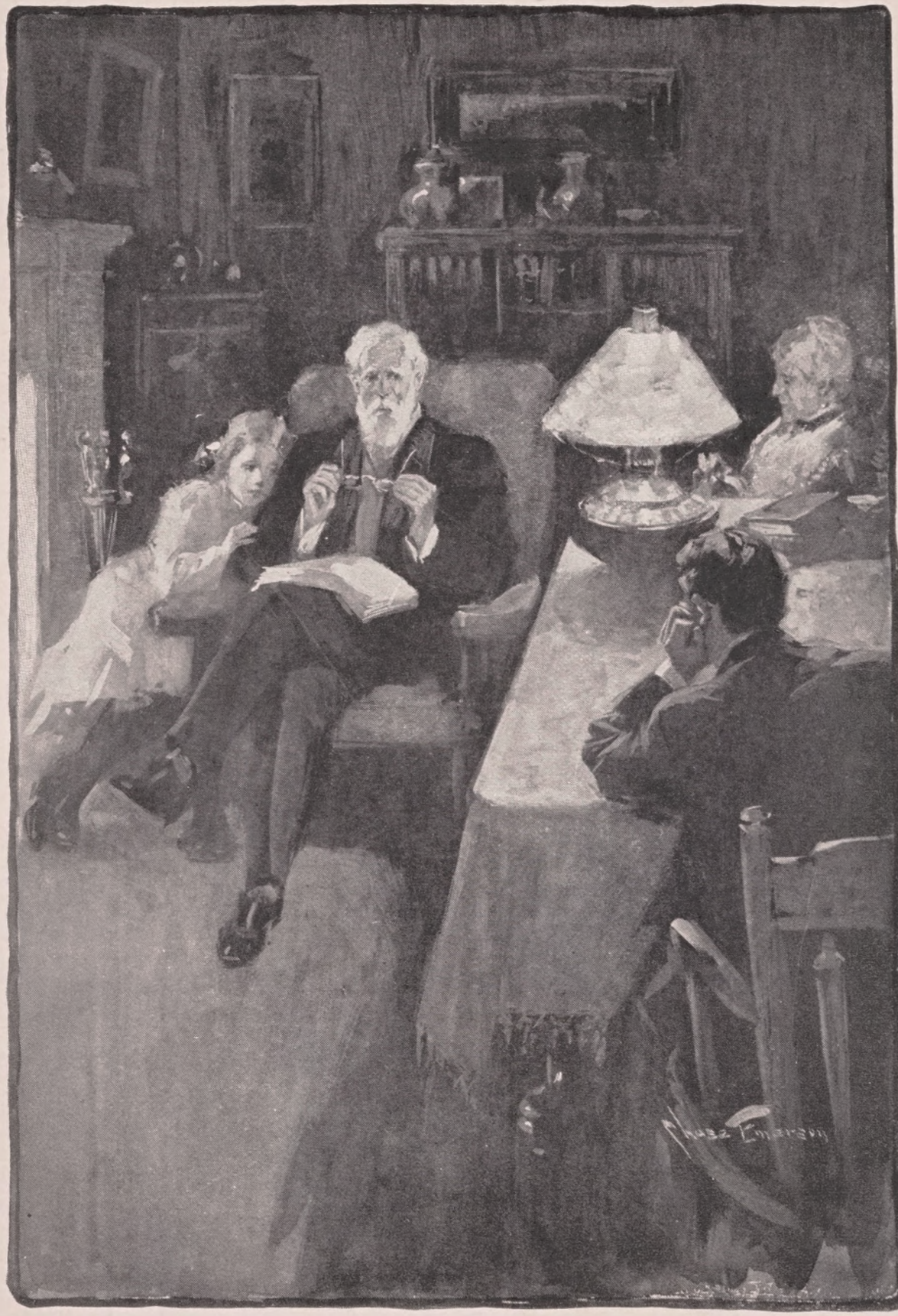

"'THIS STORY WAS WRITTEN BY MORRIS PATTERSON''

CAMP-FIRES ON THE SCIOTO

SHOWING THE COURAGE AND HARDSHIPS OF THE WINNERS OF THE WEST

BY

CHARLES S. WOOD

ILLUSTRATED BY

CHASE EMERSON

I love to believe that no heroic sacrifice is ever lost.

—*James A. Garfield.*

W. A. WILDE COMPANY
BOSTON AND CHICAGO

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.CAMP-FIRES ON THE SCIOTO.

TO

THE MEMORY OF MY SISTER,

ISABELLA BURNET WOOD,

WHOSE LOVING SYMPATHY AND ENTHUSIASTIC
ENCOURAGEMENT HAVE BEEN A
LIFE-LONG INSPIRATION,
THIS BOOK IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED.

PREFACE

To the young readers of this volume a preface is unnecessary, but there are older persons, teachers, parents and others, who cannot spare the time to read a book of this kind, to whom a brief statement of its relation to historical facts may be useful.

The story is based on the historical records of Nathaniel Massie's surveys of the Virginia Military District of Ohio. The time is from 1791 to 1796, that preparatory period in early Ohio history when the hostility of the Indians retarded the settlement of the territory. After the treaty of General Anthony Wayne had opened the gates of the West, the emigrants came in crowds by boat, by wagon, and on horseback.

When, after their toilsome journey of months, they reached their destined goal, there was no need of delay in securing farms and building homes for their families, for much of the land had been surveyed and was waiting for purchasers. A faint conception of the magnitude of this work may be obtained from the fact, that of the more than four million acres of land in the Virginia Military District, the tract reserved by that state for her Revo-

lutionary veterans, Massie surveyed about one-sixth of its area; and while he did much surveying for others, yet a goodly share of the forest and prairie trodden by his feet he acquired for himself by his arduous and hazardous tours in a time of warfare with the savages.

Something of the dangers encountered in prosecuting these surveys, without military protection among savage enemies, and of the hardships endured in the depth of winter, without shelter from cold or storm, the reader will learn from these pages. It will be well for young people of today to know more of those worthy deeds, and to comprehend more clearly the large debt we owe to the hardy surveyors and their chainmen, who were the first laborers in the forest, making the necessary preparation for the settlement of the Western lands. It may be, as they read of toil and hardship cheerfully borne, that some inspiration will come to them to do their own tasks faithfully, and to bear their burden without complaint.

It is the intention of the author to fulfill the promise implied in the concluding chapter.

It was a singular coincidence that the burning of the manuscript described in the first chapter had its counterpart in reality, as the first manuscript of this book was destroyed by fire in the car of the express company, on its way to the publishers.

Glen Auburn, Urbana, O.

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Camp-Fires on the Scioto

CHAPTER I

THE BURNT MANUSCRIPT

Two children of about the same age were spending their Christmas holidays with their grandparents at Adena, the famous old stone mansion built by Governor Worthington on a beautiful site among the hills west of Chillicothe. On this particular afternoon they were sitting in the drawing-room before a large wood fire.

Eleanor had been playing on the piano but, as her cousin Arthur was too deeply absorbed in one of Scott's romances to listen to the music, she also took up a book and sat near him, idly looking at the pictures. She was not oblivious of her surroundings as the boy seemed to be, and in a few moments turned, saying in startled tones:

"Arthur! Something is on fire! Don't you smell the smoke?"

"Don't bother me, Eleanor, when I am read-

ing,'' Arthur replied without looking up, hardly conscious of what the girl said.

"But listen, cousin. May be the house is on fire. We must find out and give the alarm.''

By this time Arthur was roused from his dreamy state, and after sniffing the air an instant he rushed to the hall as alert as any boy of thirteen should be.

"It's paper, Eleanor. Come to the library.''

As they darted through the great hall the children saw wreaths of smoke floating out of the open door. No flames were to be seen as they peered through the misty air, but a cloud of smoke was pouring from a large closet in which their grandfather kept his choicest treasures of old books and papers, and packages of letters from the prominent men of that day and of earlier times. Arthur ran boldly through the smoke to look in, and after a moment's hesitation Eleanor followed.

"Why, grandfather!'' the boy exclaimed. "You will be burned. Come out.''

General Worthington was standing just inside the door, holding an old brass candlestick in his left hand and a book in his right, helplessly gazing at the impending destruction as if dazed, while the flames were creeping up the sides of the closely packed shelves, and the acrid smell of burning

leather was choking him. Arthur began to pull him backward through the door, while Eleanor ran into the hall screaming:

"The house is on fire, and grandpa is burning up."

Instantly there was a commotion and a rush of the family and servants to the library. Mr. Worthington still kept his place inside the door of the book closet, and no one could get in to put out the flames. His wife took him by the arm and with old Cæsar's help drew him out, just as Arthur came in with Jim, the gardener, each bringing a pail of water. Mrs. Worthington took the direction of extinguishing the flames, and Cæsar quickly emptied the buckets which the children and servants brought.

The fire was soon under control and they supposed it entirely out; but Arthur discovered smoke coming out of the shelves above a set of drawers that were kept locked.

"Whar de key, Gen'ul?" Cæsar asked.

Mr. Worthington searched his pockets and answered:

"The bunch is in the suit I wore this morning. Break it open. Jim, bring an ax."

"Here's the old tomahawk. Won't that do?"

Arthur asked, taking down from the wall of the library an iron tomahawk, which Tecumseh had presented to Governor Worthington many years before when he was a guest of honor at Adena.

Cæsar quickly smashed the lock and pulled out the drawer. There was fire in it which burst into a flame as soon as the air reached it. Arthur lifted a pail of water and was about to pour it on the flames, when his grandfather pushed him aside and the water drenched his slippered feet.

"Foolish boy, stop! You will ruin my most important papers."

As he said this he pulled off his old wrapper and, careless of his hands, smothered the flames and stamped out the fire. Meantime Cæsar had knocked open the other drawers and taken them out, and Arthur had the satisfaction of drenching the casing and so putting an end to the fire.

Mr. Worthington now had Cæsar and Jim take down the burned and scorched books, and all those damaged by water, and carry them to an uncarpeted room upstairs to dry. The distress of the old gentleman, as his treasures were brought forth and the damage to them was revealed, could hardly have been greater if they had been human beings. Human they were to him because they contained

the record of early days in the West, of events in which his own family bore an important part, and in which great men wrought with a self-sacrificing spirit for the good of future generations.

"What is this little old book?" Arthur asked, holding a volume bound in sheepskin, still warm from the fire that had burned off almost the entire back.

"What a pity! McDonald's sketches. John McDonald gave it to me. You should read it, Arthur, for it tells the story of Simon Kenton, and of Captain Wells, and of Colonel Massie's founding Chillicothe. It is as interesting as one of Scott's novels. Handle it carefully and don't lose any of the pages," he said, handing it to Arthur.

"Is that Burnet's notes, Cæsar?"

"Dunno, Gen'ul. I done lef my glasses in de kitchen."

"You are an old fraud, Cæsar. You couldn't read a line if you had them. But this fine old book is nearly ruined," taking the once handsome volume, bound in morocco.

"Judge Burnet presented this copy to me, Arthur. He and father had many a stiff fight in politics, but they were good friends for all that. Judge Burnet was a Federalist all his days, and

father was a Democrat, but each had a great part in the founding and early development of our Commonwealth. This book is the most valuable history of those times, written by one who knew all the actors. I am sorry it is so injured, and it must be rebound."

General Worthington now examined the packages of letters, the most valuable having fortunately escaped injury.

"There are letters from Judge Byrd, Charles Willing Byrd. He was an old crank and I don't care much for them. Those are from Governor McArthur, written before he and father fell out. These are epistles from the brilliant but dissipated Michael Baldwin."

"I have heard of him, grandfather. Mr. McClintock says Baldwin wrote the Constitution of Ohio on the head of a whisky barrel in a tavern."

"McClintock knows better. That old story is not true. Baldwin wrote a part of it, but it was done in committees at their boarding houses, when serious minded men were soberly discussing the best form of the different articles."

"Here is a big package of papers all tied together, and the tops and edges of the leaves are burned."

"Don't handle it, Eleanor, until I examine it. That is a story of pioneer life written by a friend of my father. You would like to read that, I am sure."

"Oh please hurry and let us see what it is," Arthur exclaimed, as he impatiently watched the careful movements of his grandfather. They saw several quires of foolscap paper. The fire had run along the edges and had burned off the wrapper, and scorched the first page, but the writing seemed to have escaped injury.

"I am so satisfied it isn't burned," said Eleanor, with a little sigh of relief. "Will you let us read it?"

"It's a jolly good story to read if it tells all about the old times here in Chillicothe. There were plenty of adventures here, and I wish I had lived in those days."

"The best time for a boy or a man to live is the age in which God places him. If he uses his opportunities he will find plenty to do and enjoy his life at the same time," his grandmother remarked. At this moment General Worthington began searching the broken drawers with hurried nervous movements.

"This is only the first part of Patterson's story.

Where is the second part? I had tied them up in separate packages and always kept them together in these drawers. It is very strange it is not here. Mother, do you know anything about it?"

"What is missing, General?"

"The second part of Patterson's manuscript, the part that tells about the founding of this town and the formation of our state."

"Perhaps it is in your secretary."

"It cannot be there. Still, I will look."

He went to a tall, old mahogany bookcase with glass doors. There were pigeon holes and small drawers above the drop leaf, and underneath, a large drawer. But the manuscript could not be found there, and other drawers and closets were searched with no better success.

"What has become of it? It is the most important part of the story. Where is it, mother?" he demanded rather sternly.

"I know nothing about it. Perhaps you have lent it so long ago that you have forgotten who borrowed it. Books are always disappearing because people neglect to return them when they have read them. They should have as much conscience about them as about paying borrowed money."

"Some people have very little conscience about

doing that. I remember now that Major Mason wanted to read that story and I let him have it. He has taken all his family South for the winter and his house is shut up. As soon as he comes home next spring I will get it back.

"Children, I want you to read this old story, but I see that I cannot trust you to handle it in its damaged condition. Therefore, I shall have to read it to you if you care to hear it."

"Oh that will be grand," they exclaimed at the same time.

"You will learn much about the history of our state. This part tells the story of Colonel Nathaniel Massie's surveys in the Virginia Military District. That work was important because it opened up central Ohio to settlement. Most of that surveying was done in the dead of winter when the exposure was fearful, or when the hostile Indians were still in possession of the lands and the surveying trips were like military expeditions. Morris Patterson was with him on all those dangerous and arduous journeys and he tells about their hardships and adventures.

"In the second part of the manuscript he tells about the settlement of Chillicothe and the formation of the State of Ohio, and the work of my

father and of Governor Tiffin and of other men who were the leaders in that movement. Ours is a grand state, the third in the Union in population, manufactures and wealth, and one of the foremost in its political influence. You ought to know well the story of its beginning.

"But now the afternoon is nearly gone and you have been moping in the house too long. Take your sleds and have an hour's coasting and set your blood to running, then after tea I will read you the first three or four chapters."

There was no lack of good hills for coasting at Adena, the name by which Governor Worthington called his home. As the children climbed the hill after an hour's sport they stopped to look at the old stone mansion which crowned the height above them.

"What a lovely old place this is even in the winter! When did Governor Worthington build it?" Eleanor asked.

"In 1805. It cost a mint of money, more than $20,000. Just think of bringing marble mantels, and pier glasses, and all that handsome furniture over the mountains before there were any roads!"

"How many grand times they have had here, dinners and parties and dancing in the long par-

lors, and lovers walking about on the terraces and whispering sweet nonsense under these old trees.''

''I like to hear grandfather talk about the great men that have been guests. Henry Clay always stopped here on his way to and from Washington, and Daniel Webster came out here, and John Adams, and the Grand Duke of Saxon Rhymer.''

Eleanor laughed merrily.

''Wouldn't grandma be vexed if she heard you make such a blunder! It was Saxe-Weimer.''

''Well, you needn't laugh. You didn't know who Tecumseh was last week. I would rather have seen him than any old Dutchman. Let's hurry into the house and be ready for the story as soon as tea is over.''

The children waited rather impatiently, while their grandfather built up the fire and fixed the lamps to suit his failing sight.

''This story was written by Morris Patterson,'' he said, rubbing his glasses with his handkerchief. ''His name is not enrolled among the great ones of our history, but he was a grand old man for all that. He was modest, pushing his friends forward and keeping himself in the background. There are many unknown heroes and statesmen, fully as competent to rule wisely, as those who obtain office.

Such men of large intelligence and of incorruptible honesty are the great conservative force in our country.

"Now, I am ready to begin."

CHAPTER II

IN THE HANDS OF THE INDIANS

My grandchildren have asked me many times to tell them some of my youthful adventures, and those of the hardy rangers of the forest whom I knew years ago. We have often spent the winter evenings in talking over those old times, and I have seen the children's cheeks flush and their eyes grow bright, as they heard of the worthy deeds and heroic sacrifices that formed such a large part of the lives of the pioneers in Ohio; and for many days after, I have noticed that these boys and girls did their work more cheerfully and bent over their books with more studious industry, as they remembered what their ancestors had endured and wrought.

But Morris, doubly dear to me because he is my namesake, and because the scarlet fever has treated him in the Indian fashion by robbing him of his ears, sits quietly by the fireside, and looks wistfully at his companions when they laugh at some

odd scrape I am telling, or catch their breath over some threatening peril from which escape seems impossible. Therefore, because of my love for the boy, who never complains of his privation, but cheerfully takes pleasure in seeing others enjoy themselves, I am writing down for him the story of some of those important events of long ago.

I have but a dim recollection of the home where I was born in 1778, in the Cumberland Valley. When I was seven years old and Susie five, my father, George Patterson, moved down into Virginia, and soon afterwards came over Boone's trail into Kentucky. I remember well, however, the day which first brought to our cabin Nathaniel Massie, that good friend of mine for many years from that time.

It was in December, 1790, a cold, snowy, windy evening when he rode up to our door. He was a handsome young man about twenty-seven years old, tall and slender but very hardy and strong. My father and I were rolling in a large back-log for the evening fire, and it was all I could do to lift my end over the sill.

"Let me help you, George," he called out, swinging lightly out of the saddle. With that he lifted the stick and carried it in to the fireplace in the

broad chimney. When he had rolled it into place, he noticed my admiration of his strength.

"You will do more than that when you are grown, my lad. You are built to make a strong man."

You may be sure that feat and his hearty words won the heart of a boy. And when, that evening, in his lively pleasant way he told us of his plans for surveying the Virginia lands north of the Ohio river, and my father and mother agreed to join his company in building a station at the islands above Limestone, I was delighted at the prospect of a more adventurous life.

Thirty men and woman signed the contract to form the station on the Indian shore. This was the most hazardous venture in the settlement of Ohio. The Indians were very warlike, threatening to break up every settlement and to burn every cabin, and either to kill or make slaves of all the settlers. We knew well enough all that was meant by such threats, for every few weeks we heard of fresh raids, and learned that cabins had been burned down in Kentucky, the men killed and the women and children carried far away towards the lakes.

All the other settlements in Ohio were protected by forts and companies of regular soldiers. This one was formed without any intention of asking for

such a guard. The brave men and women knew they must rely upon themselves alone for their defense.

In the depth of winter the trees were felled and the cabins and blockhouses raised, and as soon as the frost came out of the ground in March the stockade of heavy pickets was built, and we felt tolerably secure in our new home. We had brought a good wagon load of corn to be pounded up into meal, but we lived more on meat, the forest supplying game, and the river was full of fine fish.

One morning before daybreak I was fishing, when I heard a faint call far down the river.

"Hello, Morris! What are you doing in that sawyer?"

As I turned that way I saw a canoe with four men and a boy a half a mile below, slowly crossing to our side, the current being very strong because the river was nearly bankfull. I knew it was Tom Anderson, for no boy around there had a voice big enough to carry that far, even over the water. There was no time, however, to answer his hail, as at that moment my float was jerked under, and the pull on the line showed a fish was hooked which I had no mind to lose. I straddled the big branch, locked my feet together and swung my long pole

out to guide the fish away from the limbs in the water. I was too busy to look for the boat and was just lifting the fish when Tom called out again.

"That's a stunner, Morris. Hold it up so we can see it."

"It's as long as my arm," I replied in a high excited tone, for I was more than a little proud of my catch.

"That's a jack-salmon. You are a lucky boy to get it," said Simon Kenton in his deep-toned voice. He was the largest man in the canoe and had a pleasant face and keen blue-gray eyes.

"I know it is, Mr. Kenton. Israel caught one last week but 'twas only half as big. Ain't he a beauty?

"I did not know Donalson could manage a fishing rod. I thought the birch rod was his instrument."

"He can use that with a limber hand, Simon, as I know to my sorrow."

We all laughed at Tom's doleful tone, and he looked as if he felt the rod swishing around his legs at that minute.

"Your sorrer ain't stopped your growth," Ken-

ton answered, slapping Tom on his broad shoulders.

"There's all the more nerve there to feel it when it's well laid on. A boy slim as a saplin' wouldn't suffer as I have suffered," Tom replied in such a lugubrious tone that we all laughed again.

I took up a minnow and began rebaiting my hook for another cast.

"How did you learn to use that?"

"The last big fish I cleaned had little fish in its stomach, and I thought if that was what they liked I would give them a taste."

"You have a good thinker inside your pumpkin head," Tom said.

"I'll see if your head isn't softer than mine," I retorted, giving him a crack with my pole.

"By the great horn spoon, my head is broken. This boy is dangerous as a Shawnee. Let's be going, Simon."

"We must in a minute. That's a sweet toothsome fish, and I hanker for a nice fish fry. Will ye trade it for this gobbler. Heft it and see if that would be a fair trade."

"No, Mr. Kenton. I couldn't trade that way. That's a thirty pound gobbler. It wouldn't be fair for you, and what isn't fair for you wouldn't be

right and square for me. That duck would be an evener trade."

"The duck's Tom's, and I won't let him in on this deal. Take the gobbler and give me the jack and that cat and I'll never go back on my bargain."

So I let him have the fish, for I knew the turkey would go farther for meat, and that would leave my father and me more time for chopping on our inlot. As they were going to the station I asked Kenton to leave it at the gate while I stayed out to fish longer.

"Don't let the Indians ambush you. There's a big band of them out. They crossed the river at Eagle Creek and have gone back by Flemings to steal horses and do their usual mischief."

Tom's eyes were snapping and he said:

"I saw three of them last night when I was hunting the cows. I told father and Simon and they went back with me. We found their canoes and they won't cross the river in them."

"We have warned the settlers and stations, and we want to ambush them. We are going to Massie for help. Come on boys, the sun will soon be up, and I said we would be back an hour after sun-up."

Simon Kenton lived at Washington in Kentucky,

five miles from Limestone, which is now called Maysville. He was a veteran Indian fighter. He had been captured, made to run the gantlet, and three times had been condemned by the Indians to be burned but each time had been rescued, and finally had made his escape from captivity.

Kenton did not get the aid he wanted, for by the rules of the station the men were bound to remain in the stockade when danger was impending, unless by a full vote some of them were allowed to be absent.

His story about the Indian raid made me uneasy. I kept turning around to look up and down the shore, and the wind swaying the bushes made me suspicious that Indians were lurking there. This took my mind from my fishing so that I caught but two half-sized catfish. Then I had a bite from a big fish, but I was excited and over eager and drew him under a snag; and in a minute the line was broken and my hook lost.

"My luck's gone. I may as well stop," I said to myself, and wound up my line. I saw Kenton's men getting into their canoe as I slipped down the trunk of the big tulip tree on which I had been sitting, and answered Tom's hail. Although I had a fine string of fish, yet the nearer I came to the

gate the slower grew my steps. I began to remember that my father did not know where I had gone, and if he had missed me would have good reason for finding fault with me for causing anxiety at home. I had forgotten about the corn I was to pound up for our breakfast, and he would be sure to have something to say about that if my mother was up and wanted the meal. When I reached the gate and took up the gobbler I saw Susie and she ran to meet me.

"Where have you been, Morris? Poppy was looking for you everywhere, and Mommy is crying because she thinks the Indians have got you. Did you catch all those fish, and where did you get the gobbler?"

"Come along and you will know" I answered running ahead, hoping my load of meat would take the edge off of my father's displeasure.

"Here you come, at last, you young rascal. You have made no end of trouble by running off this morning. Your mother's nearly sick with anxiety about you."

"But father, I waked up real early and I thought a mess of fish would do mother good, and see what I got."

"Did you fish the gobbler out of the river?" Susie asked with a laugh.

"Mebbe, I did," I answered, and then told them about my trade with Kenton.

Father was pleased with my success but he did not praise me much for my skill, and he went on to give me some serious advice about running such risks of being killed by going out alone, without letting him know where I was. I suppose I needed such talk, for I remembered it afterward and it was a guide to me in those perilous times that soon followed.

Mr. Massie called the men together to talk over the situation, and two scouts were sent out to discover if any Indians were lurking about. None were discovered, and it was the opinion that the whole band had crossed over into Kentucky to steal horses. We hoped they would be driven back before they could torture and murder any of the settlers; but we knew that there were many isolated cabins, where the families would be caught off their guard and the old horrors be repeated.

In the afternoon the usual work went on outside the stockade. Each member of the company had received one inlot and an outlot of four acres, and the promise of one hundred acres at the end

of two years if he lived up to the terms of the contract. The men, for mutual protection, usually worked together, going from lot to lot by turns. The guards were vigilant, but no signs of the enemy were discovered and the day passed very quietly.

That evening Mr. Massie came to our cabin after supper, and sat on a block at the door. I was pounding meal and father cleaning his gun.

"George, I am going up the river in the morning to survey some land below Hurricane Hill. William Lytle and Israel Donalson are going with me. The other men are busy with their chopping and I don't like to stop their work. I need one more to carry chain, and would like Morris to do it for me. He's a big lad and will do very well."

"Do you think it will be safe?" father inquired, and mother asked the same question with her eyes as she looked out of the cabin door.

"It is as safe as any undertaking. Those Indians have not come this way. I will take good care of him."

"Let me go, father," I pleaded, with all the eagerness of a boy who loves adventure. "You want me to be a surveyor and I ought to be learning the business."

"I will teach him all I can, and it is the most profitable business in this frontier region. He will earn a good doeskin by two days' work."

Father was pleased at this promise, but mother did not consent until some more explanations of the Indian trails showed it was a pretty safe locality. There was a blockhouse, also, over on the Kentucky side. Your great-grandmother, Morris, was a brave woman who did not shrink from danger, but she used her common-sense about it. I knew she had some high notions about my growing up to be a man of force and she wanted me to learn to act a man's part. If she seemed more cautious than usual it was because she had been sickly for several weeks.

About six o'clock the next morning we set off in a canoe, toiling slowly against the strong current. We landed near the mouth of a small stream that has been called Donalson's Creek from that day. After we had measured off nearly a half a mile along the river bank the chain broke, and Massie held it on a stone while General Lytle hammered the links together with a tomahawk.

"Who are those?" I asked, for I caught sight of eight men jumping out of a canoe a little way up the river.

"They have come over from the blockhouse" Israel replied pointing to three men over on the Kentucky shore watching them.

"Perhaps they are Frenchies from our New Paris on the Ohio," said Lytle.

"I think they are Indians," I answered. "We would have seen them crossing if they had come from the blockhouse. And those old blankets don't look like a new style of dress from Paris. They have crept down the river close to the bank."

"Morris is right and we must run," said Mr. Massie catching up his Jacob's staff. At that instant the savages saw us and raised a yell. We fled along the bank and kept our distance till we reached the creek. The banks were about ten feet apart.

"Can you make it, Morris?" Massie asked.

"Easy," I answered, and jumped across first of all. Massie and Lytle got over, but Donalson's foot caught in a vine and he went into the water with a splash. Before he could flounder out three Indians were on him, all armed, and he quietly surrendered.

"They've got Israel," I cried, as I glanced back, and fear lent wings to my feet, so that I outran the others and pushed the canoe into the river.

They jumped in and we were out of range before the Indians reached the spot, so they gave up the chase.

There was a great stir at the station as our friends saw us racing down as fast as our paddles could drive us along, and a gloomy sorrow settled over our little company, as we realized that one of our best men was gone to be a slave if his life was spared, or to die by torture if his captors were cruel and bloodthirsty.

After a council, Mr. Massie advised us not to attempt a rescue in this case, when the band was so large. If it should fail the Indians would kill Donalson out of revenge. If they were not molested he might be treated kindly and have a chance to escape.

No Indians came near the station. In the evening Tom came over to tell us that Kenton's plan has succeeded, and some of the Indians had been killed. He said Kenton wanted us to be on the watch, for other Indians were near, and out of revenge for their losses they would kill every man they might catch. Kenton had crossed the river with his company and was in pursuit of the Indians.

CHAPTER III

IN THE FOG

After a few days the station settled down to its usual quiet. We heard from Captain Kenton that his company marched up as far as the Indian village of Old Chillicothe on the Little Miami river, but the Indians had taken alarm and abandoned it, and therefore the rangers returned home without having an engagement with the enemy.

Then Mr. Massie said we were all falling into the dumps and that we needed something new to stir us up and to drive away the cloud of sorrow. So he sent me over with a message to Tom Anderson to invite about a dozen couples to come over to the station the next afternoon, stay to supper and have a dance in the evening.

Although Tom and I were good friends I had never been out to his home. I found him living in a large cabin not far from Simon Kenton's big double cabin, and a mile beyond were Parson Finley's home and farm, and a larger building used for a church and academy. Tom entered into the

proposed sport with eager delight, and Kenton was as ready for a night's frolic as he was for an Indian fight. He promised to take charge of the flotilla of canoes so that the boys and girls would run no risk of capture, and that he would bring along John McDonald and Duncan McArthur, who were worth a dozen men for guards. Tom and I then went back to Limestone, which was about five miles from Kenton's, and there we saw the young people and found them ready enough to accept the invitations.

The next day, soon after the noon hour, we saw the line of canoes coming up the river. When they were about a mile below us the occupants of the foremost ceased paddling and waited till the rear boat was in line. All our little company of men and women were gathered on the bank to watch our guests come up. Then we saw a puff of smoke, and a few second later heard a shot, and the canoes all rushed forward through the water in an exciting race. Kenton's canoe was the best manned so took the lead and kept it, coming up several lengths ahead of McArthur's.

The frisky Kentuckians at once started a round of fun and jollity that was kept up until nine o'clock. We had provided fish, birds and venison,

and had a good supper. There were dances on the open lot outside the stockade in the afternoon, and races, and trials of skill with our guns. Before sunset we had our supper, and then came a dozen dances in the largest blockhouse, in which Massie lived. The tall Kentuckians had to bend low as they whirled through the simple figures, and now and then a head got a hard bump from the low beams above. At nine o'clock Kenton thanked Mr. Massie and all of us, in a little speech and marshaled his company to return to their homes. Mr. Massie replied that we were debtors for the favor since the pleasure of that evening would drive away our cares for a time, and give us more life and spirit for our hard work.

A few days later I woke up before daylight, dropped down from my loft, opened the bed of coals and made up the fire. Father got out of bed and in a few minutes said he would go out to the lot and chop till breakfast was ready. As he took his gun and ax I offered to go with him, and he consented. There did not seem much danger, as our lot was in sight of the nearest blockhouse where one of the men was posted as a watchman.

"Two rifles will be better than one if the Indians should appear, so come along."

As we walked out father's mind seemed to dwell on the dangers surrounding us.

"Morris, you are old enough to understand many serious matters. I am going to talk to you as if you were a man, and I hope you will remember what I say."

"I will try to remember. But I forget a good many things I ought to hold on to. Mr. Massie says what we forget is like the wild plums that fall off the trees till the ground is covered; and the things we remember are like the few left in the top of the tree out of reach."

"That is about so. All the more need we have to fix the best things in our mind by giving attention to them. But to go on with what I was saying, our life here in the Indian country is full of peril, and in spite of all our caution one of our number has been caught. My turn may come next, and then the care of the family will fall upon you. Your mother has a brave spirit naturally, but she is sickly now, and if I am taken away you must support the family. You will have to think like a man and do a man's part. Do you understand?"

"Yes, father. I think you mean that I shall have no time for play, but must give my time to my work, and fix my mind on it. I will do my best."

"Your shoulders are young for such a load and we will hope that nothing may happen to me."

I was surprised at his solemn way of talking and asked why he felt so.

"I do not know why this unusual feeling has come over me this morning. Perhaps it is sent as a warning of danger, and we will be extra spry to watch for redskins. My boy, you sometimes act in a hasty impulsive way, out of your love for your mother and me, like your going out fishing last week to save my time. Although it turned out well, it was very risky for a boy to go out alone so early. When you get into danger think fast and act at once, but do not run into danger without thinking out beforehand what you are going to do."

By this time we had come to the little clearing on our inlot where several trees had been felled a few days before Israel had been captured. Father leaned his gun against the tree he intended to cut into logs, but before swinging his ax he said:

"One thing more, my son. As a member of the company, Mr. Massie has transferred to me this inlot and the outlot of four acres. If I stay here two years I shall get a deed for one hundred acres of land up the river, good land worth having. But

if anything should happen to me before that time I do not know whether it would come to the family. If you should take my place, Mr. Massie would surely deed the land to your mother and you would have a fine farm there."

"You can depend on me to stick to the station and get the land for mother."

"All right, my son," father replied, lifting his ax and making the big chips fly. I was at work in the top, cutting off the smaller branches with my tomahawk. After awhile I wondered that the sun did not rise and looked about to find that a heavy fog was spreading inland from the river, and that already the station had disappeared from sight, and only the nearest trees could be seen.

I spoke to father about it and he said we must return home at once. I cut a limber branch from a wild grape vine and twisted it around a bundle of hickory bark for mother to use in starting the fire. Father took up a load of wood on his left arm and turned to reach his gun. There was no wind, no sound of rustling leaves in the still damp air, but something made him turn and look back and a shudder shook his frame as he saw an Indian's form, dimly outlined in the mist, following me in the path to the station.

CHAPTER IV

WHY I HAD TO SUPPORT THE FAMILY

My father was a resolute man and in an instant he had overcome the horrible sensation that shook him as he discovered my peril. Dropping his wood he took quick aim and drew the trigger, but the dampened powder would not catch the spark. He tried again without success and then sprang forward and struck the redskin, who had heard the click of the trigger and faced about and lifted his tomahawk. The Indian's arm fell helpless, but before father could give him another blow his arms were seized from behind and his mouth filled with mud, so that he could not yell.

I was scared. What boy would not be at such an attack? When I tried to yell I only gasped out a faint cry that no one heard, but I could act, and my trusty rifle was drawn to my shoulder. It was in vain, however, that I tried to aim at the Indians, for they were moving my father's body about between me and themselves, and in a moment another big fellow came behind me, seized me and tore my

rifle from my hands. I was but an infant in the power of this savage giant. In less time than I can tell you our mouths were tied, our guns and tools gathered up and four Indians dragged us away into the silence of the unbroken forest.

Although resistance was useless, I did not at once submit to my capture, but struggled with the Indians, and kicked out viciously right and left. This angered one of them and he broke off a sprout and cut me savagely several times. Then my father, by a look and shake of the head, admonished me to cease my vain struggling, which of course would only enrage our captors and render our situation more desperate.

We were now forced into a rapid march and run for two hours, until we had left the station far behind and had come into the high land below West Union. I mean, of course, where West Union now is, for then there was not a cabin north of our station.

By a clear rill the party sat down to eat, but although we were faint with hunger they did not give us even a bone to gnaw. The one who had at first attacked me looked at his broken arm, now greatly swollen, and evidently causing him much pain, although he uttered no groans. He walked around

a few minutes, and then came to us and kicked father, and then me, with all his force. He must have broken one of father's ribs. I carried the marks of his savage hate on my legs for many days.

But the big Indian, who was a mild-looking man and who seemed to be their chief, took him by the shoulders and shook him off, and then said something at which they all laughed. Of course, I could not understand it, and I never felt less like laughing in all my life.

These men I afterwards knew were Shawanoese from the Scioto region, and you must remember this big chief, for perhaps you will learn something more of him before I have told you all my story. He evidently claimed me for his captive, but the wounded Indian, who was as ugly and treacherous as any redskin you ever heard of, disputed his claim, and was for leading me off himself when they started again. The difficulty was adjusted by more talk, and several times that day the chief protected me from the brutal attacks of the other.

They took the gags out of our mouths and let us get a drink of water, which was refreshing. The sun was more than two hours high, and it was

about this time that mother became very uneasy at our prolonged absence and sent Susie out to look for us at the blockhouses. As she didn't find us, the station men all came to our cabin. The watchman reported that we had gone out to the inlot with our tools and he had seen us at work there until the fog came down. When the sun rose his duties were over and he thought no more about us.

Mr. Massie took Andrew Ellison and went out to make a search for us. They found the fresh chips and the traces of the struggle, and followed the Indian trail for a short distance till there was no doubt that we had been surprised and carried away. The watchman, when examined again, said he had heard a slight noise but no shouts or calls, and supposed it was the sound of our work.

Mr. Massie's report confirmed my mother's worst fears. For three weeks she had been sick with one of those fevers that prevailed in the river valleys of the West in those early days. She had struggled against it, some days being able to be up, and then having another severe attack. The deadly poison was in the air and all the time working in her system. Robbed now, by one fell stroke, of husband and only son, she had little strength to resist the cruel blow. While Mr. Massie was organiz-

ing a company to pursue the Indians and if possible to rescue us, she nerved herself to hear and to take part in the plans.

"Oh, Mr. Massie!" she cried with streaming eyes, "You will follow them till you find them and you will not come back without them."

Massie's tender heart was touched by her deep grief, and he answered with a solemn assurance.

"Mrs. Patterson, we will do our utmost to save them both. It is a small party and they have not gone far yet, and the trail is fresh, so that we can follow it easily, I think. Keep up your courage and pray to God to guide us right and to give us success. Here comes John McDonald. If he can go with us he will give us most effective help."

By this time John had come to the group, and Massie explained the situation to him, adding,

"Can you join our party at once. The rest are all on the trigger and time is precious."

"I came over for a deer hunt and I am ready to go with you. Come on."

The party of ten men then started on a run, for two of our best scouts had been sent ahead to pick out the trail. But in the course of the day's march they were misled by the wily conduct of the Indians, who had carried us for miles along the trail

of another band, shrewdly abandoning it at a point where the diverging of our party would not be suspected and could not be easily found.

The Indians halted for their noon rest near a large spring that was a famous deerlick. As they had only a slender stock of meat, they probably hoped to kill a buck, for they tied us securely to trees near by and then scattered out to watch the spring and runways. This gave us an opportunity to talk which might be, we feared, our only one, and the events that followed impressed my father's affectionate counsel on my mind like words graven on a monument.

"My son, after bringing this calamity on you and on your dear mother it may seem like fool's talk for me to give you advice. Forgive your father, who should have taken better care of you."

"Do not blame yourself, father, for you could not have helped it. That mist hid the approach of the Indians, and there was no sign of fog when we started out. It came down very suddenly."

"I know that, Morris, but I remember now that I smelled it before it came and I ought to have taken you home at once. I did not think at the time what it was. These barbarous Indians are sharp; they won't let us talk long, and we may be

separated very soon. So now listen to what I have thought out as we came along.

"I shall escape if I can; but I think the Indians will kill me out of revenge, as soon as they hear that Kenton has killed some of their warriors in Kentucky. They will be sure to spare your life, for that big fellow seems to fancy you, and as he looks like a kind man I hope he will adopt you. But whatever becomes of you, you must not become an Indian. Escape as soon as you can with safety, and return to take care of your mother and Susie."

"I promise you, father, that I will never be an Indian. The dirty, treacherous, cruel savages cannot make me one of them. I may for a time agree to what they propose, to throw them off their guard and so make it easier to run away."

"That's the right talk, Morris. Remember you belong to an honorable race of liberty-loving men. Thousands of Scotch-Irish like your grandfather have come over to America because they loved liberty. They suffered for it in the wilderness and fought for it under Washington, as I did. This country, our free Republic, is the inheritance we leave to our children. Be worthy of it; be proud of being an American; love your

country; cherish the great principles of human freedom; defend it and preserve its honor."

Never have I forgotten that solemn charge of my father. It has been more than a motto. I have thought over it until it has become a fixed principle with me, not merely the mould of my opinions, but, higher still, the spring of my actions in the great and decisive events of my life. And I now write it down for your guidance, my namesake, in the hope that it may be a guide and inspiration to you also.

But soon we saw the Indians returning and I had only time for a brief answer.

"I shall not forget your words. I will watch day and night for a chance to escape, and when it comes I will go back to mother and Susie and take care of them. I will try to be a man from this hour, a man you will not be ashamed of if you live, as I hope you will. Oh God save us both and bring us both home again."

No doubt God heard my prayer, and He answered it ere long, in part, at least. But my words reached the foremost Indian, and his answer was a heavy blow that half stunned me, so that I hung against the tug that bound me to the tree. The leader came and loosened my bonds, and when I

opened my eyes I was lying on the ground. He kindly gave me a drink of water and spoke in a soothing way to me, and then very vigorously to the cruel man who had hurt me. The band had killed a deer and were cooking large chunks of it over the fire. After awhile they gave us a liberal amount and I ate my dinner with a ravenous appetite, for I was very hungry.

The sun was an hour past the noon line before we went on again, nor did we stop until the night dews were beginning to fall. I knew we were twenty or twenty-five miles from home. I could hardly drag along, and father was all used up, for he had been compelled to carry part of the meat.

When some of it was at last broiling nicely on sticks near the fire, the sweet smell revived me, and I enjoyed my supper and felt refreshed. We were still eating, when two Indians came into our camp with some kind of bad news, which excited the four men. They talked and powwowed for at least half an hour; then the big kind-hearted leader and another man ordered my father to take up his load of meat, and pointed to the West. One of the strange Indians also rose to go with him.

My father got up very wearily and lifted his pack, for our hands had been untied since noon.

"Good-by, Morris, God help you now. I shall never see you again. Tell your mother and Susie my last thoughts were of them."

I answered as best I could for my heart sank and my voice broke. In a moment they were gone. I thought of all the things I might have said to cheer my father and show my love for him, and then I wished that I had been a better boy and had not given him so much trouble.

The three Indians built up the fire and prepared to camp all night. They fixed a place for me between two of them, stretching the ends of my long leather bond on each side, and lying on them in such a way that I could not move without waking them. In a few minutes they were sound asleep, but an hour passed and another, and I was wide awake, thinking and planning how I might escape.

The fire made considerable light, and as I had raised my head to look about I saw something moving and then crawling from one tree to another. At first it frightened me to think a bear or a wolf was so near and my hands were tied securely. Then I was glad, for there might be a

chance to escape if any brute or human enemy attacked us. So I lay perfectly still, ready to take advantage of any change of position. All was quiet, but in two or three minutes a head appeared by the side of a tree not ten feet away, and I knew the intruder was a man. After a quick survey there was a low whisper.

"Boy, be you awake?"

"Yes. Who are you?"

"A friend. I'll save you. Kin you cut your tug with my knife?"

"Yes."

"Lie still till I fetch it to you."

I saw him get the three Indian guns, and take them away. Then a knife was held out and placed in my hand. I took it, and its sharp edge divided the deerskin rope around my body. I could not easily release my wrists so the unknown friend took the knife and cut the bonds and I was free.

"Lie still till I shoot the redskin on each side of you. Don't be skeert, for I won't hurt you. As soon as both guns go off jump behind that neardest tree and you'll find a tomahawk there."

The stranger did not give me time to be afraid. Almost immediately one gun and then another

was fired off right in my ears, and the bullets went to the brains of the two sleeping Indians. I scrambled to my feet and ran for the weapon to help my benefactor if he should need it. But the two Indians were fatally wounded and the third one fled in the darkness. I saw the white man follow him, but he was not fleet enough to catch him and soon returned to finish his work by scalping the dead men.

I will not horrify you by describing these dreadful acts in detail. For some reason unknown to me, this strange man seemed possessed by a desperate spirit of ferocity and hatred towards these enemies, and his chief regret was that one had escaped. I did not care what became of the third man if he did not return to molest us, but the stranger did not agree with me.

"Every Injun is our enemy an' it's right to kill the beasts. If this one jines the others that has yer daddy they will kill him before morning. I must foller him as soon as I can hide ye in a safe place."

"Let me go along. That's my gun and I can shoot, and I must help save my father."

"Ye're are tuckered out with yer all day

march. If the redskins hev camped whar I think they be it's a good step from here, mebbe seven miles. Can ye run that fur?"

"I'm rested now a bit. I must go with you. Who are you, and how did you know my father and I were here?"

"I'm Josh. I were watchin' this band and saw ye both at the deerlick. Now ye must put yer best foot foremost if ye want to see yer daddy agin alive."

CHAPTER V

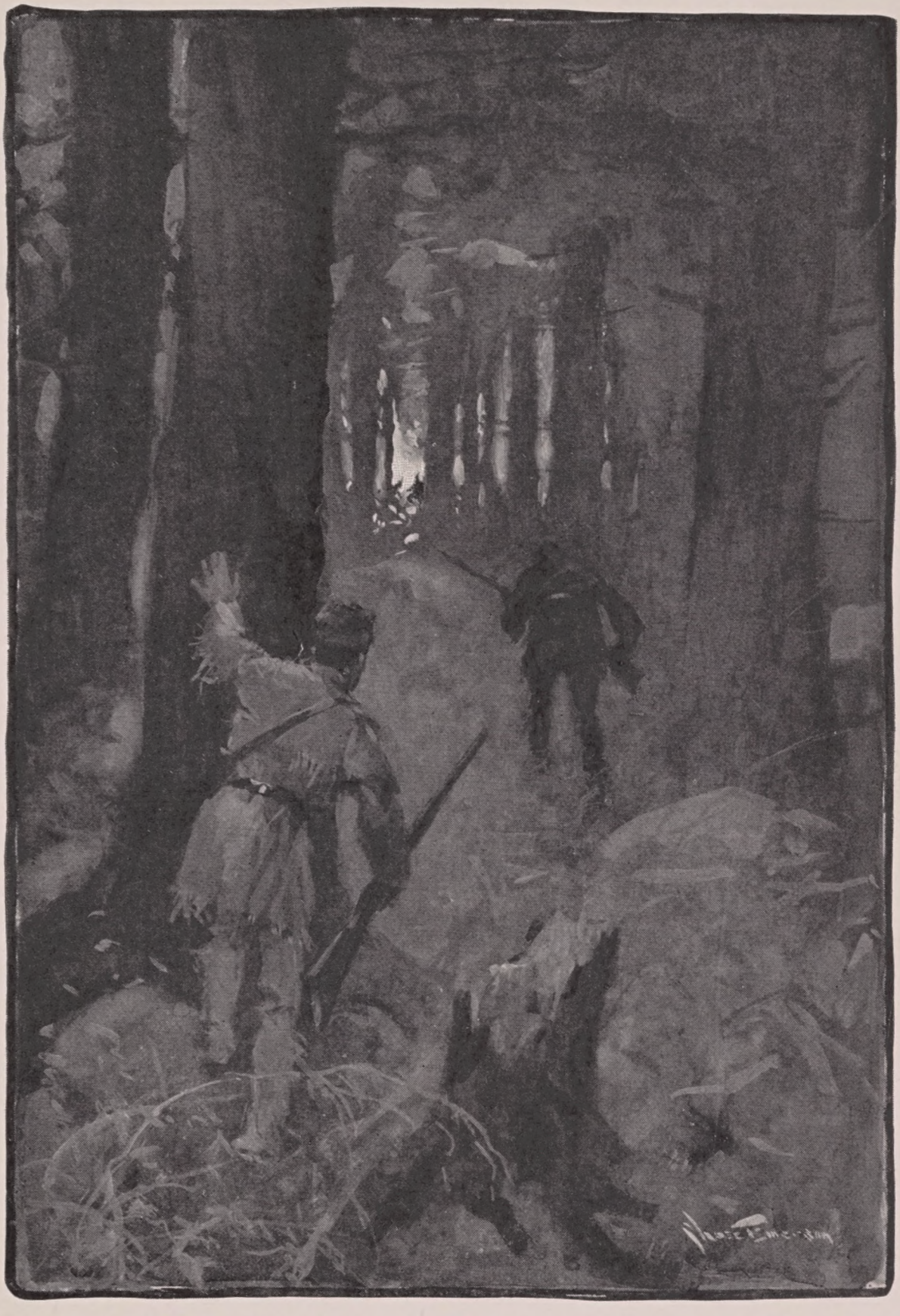
THE LODGE IN THE HOLLOW TREE

While we were talking we loaded our guns; then Josh gathered up the guns, knives and ammunition of the Indians and concealed them somewhere near by. This strange man seemed to know where he was, and to follow some signs which I could not perceive, for he ran straight on without stopping to take observations. Although there was no moon it was not a dark night, and as the trees were still bare the stars gave us sufficient light to see our way.

We had walked and run about an hour when Josh halted and told me to go very softly. In a few minutes he beckoned me to wait behind a large beech tree. He soon came back disappointed.

"They are not here. We must try the camping-place northwest of this."

We crossed the creek, wound around some hills, and went on rapidly for a half hour, when he posted me again by a tree and crept away towards



"I FOLLOWED HIM AS HE STOLE FROM TREE TO TREE"

a fire to make discoveries. Hardly had he gone when I heard an unearthly, blood-curdling yell, the like of which I have never heard before or since. Instantly Josh returned.

"We are too late, I reckon. But there's only four of 'em, an' we kin punish 'em. Look to yer priming, boy. Step light now."

I followed him as he stole from tree to tree, drawing near a group of four men plainly to be seen by the firelight. Josh pointed to one, and took aim at another, who was bending over my father's body. We fired together and our victims fell. The others fled, and although Josh followed them, loading as he ran, and was gone some time, he finally came back without catching either.

I knelt above my father's body, which was still warm, calling to him that I was there, begging him to speak. There was no reply, no breath came through his dear lips, and his heart had ceased beating.

When Josh came back he found me bitterly weeping, and calling on my father to come back, not to leave me there alone in the forest.

"There sonny, be quiet. Yer father's gone. His spirit is at rest. He is done with the tumults and sorrers of earth, an' has gone to be one of

the saints in a better land. We cannot stay here long for those redskins may come back. I'm sorry to hurry ye in yer grief, but we must bury yer daddy now and go away."

Josh found an old rotting log not far away and to it we carried my father's mangled form and buried it in a shallow grave, which we dug with our knives and hands. After covering it with the earth we rolled the old log over. Then with my tomahawk I marked the place by blazing the trees all around it. Though I have searched for the sacred spot several times, I have never been able to find it; but I know his spirit is living, and that some day, perhaps not far hence, I shall meet him in the land of the leal.

Josh took me in a southeast direction through a swamp that concealed our trail, and down a creek flowing from it. The long journeys, with the great excitement and sorrow of the night, began to tell on my strength. My legs ached, my back felt as limber as a willow sprout, and the gun I carried weighed on my shoulder like fifty pounds of lead. I lagged more and more, and my guide kindly stopped to rest a little while. In less than an hour he rose and took my gun, encouraging me to proceed, by saying we would soon come

to a safer resting place, where I could sleep till noon.

About a mile farther on we entered another swamp, just as day was breaking. Josh threaded his way through it as if he knew the spots that would bear our weight and soon brought me to an island of higher ground where the soil was firm and dry. Here were some fine large trees in a circle around an open space more than a hundred feet in diameter. In the center stood the column of one of those gigantic trees sometimes found in the woods in those early days. Now, they have either died or have been thoughtlessly cut down.

You, little Morris, have often played under the great elm behind the Methodist Church on Walnut and Second Street, and so you can believe what I tell you of this tree on the island in the swamp. It was one of the largest sycamores I have ever seen. The trunk was ten feet in diameter, and about fifteen feet from the ground it divided into three great branches, each of which would be considered a very large tree at this time.

We crawled through a low opening and there was a cavity as large as many a cabin in those days. Josh climbed up by some projections I

could not see in the dark interior, and threw down a bearskin, then descended bringing a frying pan and a buckskin pouch containing a little salt.

"Ye need sleep more than grub. Lie down on that barskin and get yer sleep out. Indians won't find ye here. I'll get a turkey and hev a dinner for ye by noon."

No urging was necessary. Without a word I dropped on the rug, and knew no more until the sun was high in the heavens. Then I rolled over and stretched myself, and as the pleasant smell of frying meat came in the low doorway I rose and went out.

Josh was stooping over the fire, turning some turkey meat in the pan.

"I'm hungry as a bear, and I'm glad you have plenty of meat."

"You've had a fine nap. Help yourself from that chiny platter," Josh replied, pointing to a large piece of bark covered with juicy legs and wings nicely browned. I fell to at once and made a hearty dinner.

Now I had my first look at my deliverer. He seemed to be nearly six feet in height, of slender build. His head was long and narrow, but well shaped, his eyes gray, his nose bent like an eagle's

beak, and the firm mouth and chin indicated a strong willed man of great decision of character. His hair and beard had once been dark red, but were now streaked with gray. At a first look one would have taken him to be fifty years old, but a closer scrutiny would have brought the conclusion that he was much younger, and that some great calamity or bitter sorrow had whitened his locks before their time.

Men of his type are apt to be good but narrow in their views. Convictions of duty once formed are to them like a voice from Heaven to be obeyed at all hazards and to the end of time. As I think of him now I can better understand his character, which for some time was very perplexing to me.

"Is this your home, Josh?"

"One of them. It's a lodge in the wilderness. Home, I hev none now."

"Who are you, and where did you come from? What's your last name?"

"I'm Josh. Joshua, the Avenger of the Children of the Lord. I live in the forest to protect them from their enemies. Do ye live at Massie's station?"

"Yes," I replied, not noticing at once that he had not answered my questions.

"You hev a mother, and be there other children?"

My grief returned as I answered his questions. He had a wonderful power of sympathy and very tenderly he comforted my wretched heart by his homely talk and advice.

When our dinner was finished Josh said we must start back to the station to relieve the anxiety of my mother as soon as possible. He washed the frying pan and hung it and the bearskin on their pegs high up in the tree, then removed all traces of our stay on the island. Before we started he took down from the hollow a small iron trap, which he carried with him.

As we walked along I once more asked about himself, but he adroitly turned the talk to other subjects. Seeing he did not choose to unveil the mystery of his strange life, I respected his silence, and refrained from any further effort to satisfy my curiosity about it. We came to a small stream along which he showed me traces of the work of beavers, and waded out into the water to set his trap in a bank near some small trees.

About the middle of the afternoon Josh stopped and listened, but I could detect no sound.

"Stop here. Somebody is coming." So saying he crept up the hill, but soon returned.

"Morris, yer friends hev come out to find ye. Go on to the top of the hill an' ye'll see them. Goodby, boy. Be a good son to yer mother, an always be true to yer people an yer kentry."

He took my hand and wrung it hard, and would have gone at once, but I clung to him.

"Josh, you are coming too. My mother will want to see you and you can live at our cabin."

"No, boy, I must go back to the woods and watch out fer the Indians."

"You must come home with me and stay awhile. Why should you live out in the forest all alone?"

But he pulled his hand from my grasp and brushed it across his eyes.

"I'd like to do it, Morris. I take to ye mighty strong. Ye're a good boy an' it's a comfort to me to know I saved ye and to hev yer company fer a day. I'd like right well to hev ye with me, or to live at yer home, an I thank ye fer askin' me. But the settlers an' the sojers are not my friends. They misjedge me, an' all the time I allow I'm a guard to them, an' when they don't know it. So I must go back to my work in the woods an' protect them."

As he said this he looked at me in a kind, tender manner, and as soon as he had finished walked away into a clump of bushes and disappeared. I called after him and then ran down the hill a little way. He was already at the bottom but turned to wave his hand. In a moment the trees hid him from my sight.

I was grieved to part with him so abruptly, and now I remembered that I had not thanked him for saving my life. I regretted this very much and hoped he was not offended. His mysterious words about the settlers were puzzling, but told the reason why he wanted to avoid being seen by Mr. Massie and our men. Massie must be close at hand. Running to the hill top I saw the party two hundred yards below.

I shouted to them and called out my name, as I ran down to them. They were overjoyed to find me safe, but were filled with sorrow and sympathy when they heard of my father's death. They wondered about the stranger, but none knew him. At first they thought it might be Louis Weitzel, or one of his brothers, but when I described Josh they knew he was not one of that family.

"It is someone from Pennsylvania or Virginia

whose family has been massacred, and he has sought to avenge their death," said John McDonald.

"It is very probable," added Massie, "that the Indians have complained of his ravages, and General Harmar and the Marietta settlers have tried to catch him and have threatened to punish him for stirring up trouble. That is why he distrusts and avoids us."

It was the middle of the next morning before we reached the station. I will not describe the mingled joy and sorrow of my mother. She was prostrated by her afflictions, and a few days afterward the bilious fever returned and we had no proper remedies to check it.

When Simon Kenton heard of our trouble he came over in a large row boat, bringing a cow, which he gave me.

"We are all sorry for you, Morris. You keep up a good heart and we will look out for you. The milk will be good for your mother."

"You are the kindest man, Mr. Kenton," said my mother. "Everybody has been good to us, and I thank you all. Except for so much kindness I don't know what would become of us."

"Mother, you forget me," I cried out, with a

little hurt feeling in my heart. "I am strong and able to work, and there isn't much to do that I can't do. I promised father I would support the family and I am going to do it."

"I believe you will, Morris, for you are a plucky boy for your size," Kenton replied, as he rose to say goodby to my mother.

Mr. Massie offered to let me pasture the cow on the upper island, where she could not stray, and would be safe from the Indians. As we were planting corn on the lower island we would be near to watch her.

My mother grew rapidly worse and the next week sank under her troubles, leaving Susie and me alone in the world. I must pass over that sorrowful time. Our friends comforted us, and Tom Anderson came to spend a week with me, which helped me very much. Several families offered to adopt Susie, who was a strong, smart girl, but I refused to let her go away from me, for I needed, more than ever, someone to love.

"We will live together," I said in reply to every such offer. "Susie is all I have left, and I am big enough to take care of my little sister. I promised, you know. I told father I would support the family, and he expects me to do it."

CHAPTER VI

A TRIP TO LOSANTIVILLE

One morning in May we finished planting our corn an hour after breakfast. Then four of the men went out to hunt, Mr. Massie wrote some letters, and no general work was taken up by the rest of the company that day. Some were making their cabins more comfortable, a few splitting wood, while two were making an ash-hopper in which to leach the ashes so that the women could boil down some soap.

I was down on the long slope that stretched from the top of the bank to the river, getting some yellow clay to repair the chimney in our cabin, and Susie was not far from me pulling up greens for our dinner.

"There comes Tom," Susie said, shading her eyes as she looked down the river. The next minute he hailed us and we went down to the water's edge to meet him. I was glad to have him come that day, for I was feeling my loneliness and sorrow very keenly. Tom was a boy of

deep and tender sympathy, and unlike most boys he could tell how he felt, and put your own thoughts into simple, homespun language, just as you would have said it yourself if you had only thought of it first.

"I have been covering corn till my back is nearly broken, so I begged off today, and father and mother sent me over with a message. They want both of you to come and make your home with us. Father says your work will pay for your board, and you can go to school half the year at Parson Finley's academy. They both said I should take no refusal. They ask you to come not only because they are sorry for you, but also because they want you. Mother said, 'We have room for them in our cabin and more in our hearts.' "

I can't remember all Tom's arguments but I know he was such a persuasive pleader that they could hardly have chosen a better messenger. I wanted to go, for I knew what a cheerful, loving home it was. And the promise of attending a good school was very alluring. My own heart was such a strong ally that if I had decided then I should have accepted this kind invitation.

"Thank you, Tom, and your father and mother. It is very kind in you all, but I am afraid we

should be a burden on you. I should like it so much, for it is terribly lonely without father and mother."

"You will not be any burden to us. You are both too smart workers for that. So just say you will come and we will bring Kenton's big boat and move you right over."

"I must think about it more, Tom. We are not always free to do what we like. We get fixed in our places and it seems as if we have to hold on. You know what I mean, although I can't say it."

"Do you mean your father left you in such a way that it is your duty to stay here?"

"That is just it, Tom. He engaged to be one of the company, and Massie gave him a deed for an inlot and an outlot. He was to work with the others, and to help defend the station, and I ought to take his place and do his work as far as I can. There are a good many things I can do, if I am only a boy, and I can shoot well enough to take part in the defense if we should be attacked. I think my father would want me to stay and do this, for it would be carrying on the work he began, you see."

"I understand, Morris, how you feel and it is grand for you to think of it that way. But I

think I should want to follow my inclinations for being comfortable. I could not bear the loneliness and sorrow, and I should want to be in a family."

"Then another thing, Tom. Mr. Massie wants me to stay. He says if I agree to do that I shall have the hundred acres he promised to give to father, in two years; and that if anything happens to me in the meantime Susie shall have a deed for it."

"That is a big offer, and the land is worth something."

"It is good land and is worth an effort to keep it. It will be hard to live here by ourselves instead of in your family, but wouldn't it be something like, to try to accomplish all that?"

"It will be splendid," Tom replied. "At the same time, we want you at our home. Mother would teach Susie, and you could go to school."

"Well, I will think it all over before I decide. I must carry my clay up to the cabin. You help me chink my chimney. Two can do it better than one."

"You ought to have stone chimneys like ours. These cat and clay chimneys are not very safe in

a station. One of them will take fire some night and burn you all out."

"Mr. Massie makes us look after them and keep them well daubed. The clay burns on and gets as hard as stone."

The fireplace in our cabin was lined with stone. Above that the chimney was made of small green logs laid up like the cabin walls. The inside was thickly daubed with clay, which was already hard, but the cracks needed to be filled up. Tom helped me with ready and skilful hands and by the middle of the morning our work was finished. Then we got my line, borrowed one of a neighbor and went out to catch a mess of fish for dinner. The fish did not bite very freely so late in the morning, but we caught two dozen perch. We soon tired of scaling the little fellows and dropped them into boiling water, when the skin peeled off very easily.

Susie gave us a nice dinner of fried fish, boiled greens and corn bread. The perch were so sweet and juicy that we wished we had caught more of them. After dinner we had a talk with Mr. Massie and he advised me to stay at the station. He also promised that he would take me out on some of his surveys when I was older. So I concluded

that, although the life at the station would be hard and dangerous, I would remain there and do my part to add to its security and prosperity.

When Tom started home early in the afternoon it was not easy to part from him, for he was like a brother to me. There was less than a year's difference in our ages, so we could understand and feel for one another.

"Tell your father and mother we would like to live with them, but our duty keeps us here."

Tom seemed really downcast at going home without us, and it was some time before I saw him again.

We needed some supplies at the station and Mr. Massie had intended to send one of the company to Lexington, but just at this time a family of emigrants remained over at Limestone for a day to repair their leaking flat-boat. While they were stopping up the cracks Mr. Massie went over to see them and concluded to ask them to take his messenger down to Losantiville. He knew the return could be made by a keel boat which Colonel Elliott, a government contractor, was going to send up the river to Pittsburg.

Mr. Massie did not want to spare a man for the trip, which might take two or three weeks. He

said I was capable of attending to all the business and asked me to go down on the flat-boat and come back on the keel boat. Mrs. Ellison promised to take care of Susie while I was gone. When I agreed to undertake the errand, all the settlers collected their skins and furs for trading and made out lists of what they wanted in exchange. Mr. Massie wrote some letters about his business, and others to introduce me to various people. He also gave me an order on Bartle and Strong, who kept a general store at Cincinnati. The journey was uneventful, and in a day and a half I reached the village.

At this time Cincinnati was usually called Losantiville, and I think, little Morris, you will be interested in knowing why. Three men, Colonel Robert Patterson, Mathias Denman and John Filson, bought seven hundred and forty acres of land of Judge John Cleves Symmes, for fifteen cents an acre. Filson was a surveyor and school teacher and he laid out the town, making up the fanciful name L-os-anti-ville in this way: Ville, the French for town; anti, Greek, opposite; os, Latin, mouth; L, the Licking river: the town opposite the mouth of the Licking.

Soon after laying it out and before paying for

his share, Filson was murdered by the Indians. Denman sold the property to Israel Ludlow, who made a new plat and called the town Cincinnati.

Judge Symmes had bought a large tract of land between the Miamis, and planned to build a city at the mouth of the Big Miami. He first established a station at North Bend, and induced the Secretary of War to send Ensign Luce with seventeen soldiers there to build a fort. A certain married woman at North Bend was so attractive to the Ensign that her husband became very jealous and moved up to Cincinnati. Then the Ensign decided that the most suitable site for the military post was Cincinnati, and moved his company up there and built a blockhouse. This was the trivial reason why Cincinnati became the first large village on the river, and took the start that ultimately made it instead of North Bend the Queen City of the West. But the Kentuckians, in derision, still called it Losantiville.

When I had presented my letters and found a place to stay for a few days, I heard the people talking about an Indian spy who had come down the hill north of Fort Washington, and had fooled Mr. Woodward into believing the story that he had been a prisoner among the Indians and had

escaped from them. He had all the opportunity he could ask to make discoveries, and now the Indians would know how weak they were and how to take them unawares.

"Where is he now?" I asked.

"Nobody knows. Mr. Campbell took him down to Symmes fort, but we don't know whether he is still there. Most likely he has escaped into the woods, and has already reported to the Indians, and any day or hour they may fall on the settlement and burn us all alive."

I thought this man, whose name was Doolittle, was a croaker, and to show my disbelief in his story, I made a guess.

"Perhaps it was Israel Donalson. The Indians got him a month ago when I was with him. They didn't catch me."

"That is who he is, Morris," said Will Strong, a boy of my age whom I had seen in his father's store. "I knew him."

"He fooled you too, Will. He's a decoy."

"I guess I know Israel Donalson. He worked in our store, casting up accounts. How could he run off to the Indians with his feet so swelled up he could hardly stand, and there was not a shoe in the village big enough to fit him. I'd like

to have you explain that, Sam Doolittle. Mr. Woodward believed him even when General Harmar was in doubt. Why don't you believe me when I say I know him."

"Of course, when you know a man, you know him, and that's all there is to it," I said. "I would like to see him and tell him to go back with me."

"There will be no time for that, for there's Mr. Elliott's boat coming up the river this very minute."

CHAPTER VII

DONALSON'S RETURN

It took some time after we sighted the boat for the men to row it to the rude landing place near the foot of Sycamore Street. My business had been finished, and all my goods were ready to be carried on board, a task for which there would be plenty of time, as the boat would be tied up several hours. As it drew near, a crowd of men went down to the water, some women and girls with them. Any diversion to break the monotony of their life was eagerly seized and the most possible interest extracted from it. But when the boat was still a hundred feet from the landing place in Yeatman's cove I ran along the bank shouting:

"Israel, Israel. I'm glad you escaped. Are you going home? I'm going on this boat."

"Morris Patterson! What are you doing here? Yes, I'm on the way to our station."

"Did you know the Indians caught me, and they killed father?"

"You don't tell me, Morris! But you got away, and that's good. How is your mother?"

"Mother was sick and she could not live when she knew father was dead. I lost her a few days after I got home."

"Worse and worse. You shall tell me all about it when I get ashore. I have some business to do for Mr. Campbell."

If the men who thronged the river bank had any lingering doubts about Donalson's identity, these were quickly dispelled by my instantaneous recognition. Mr. Massie's letter secured me a passage and transportation for my goods, which I immediately carried on board, and in three hours we started up the river. Mr. Elliott and Israel made me tell my story and the crew listened as they pulled on their oars. Afterwards those kind-hearted rivermen came to me one at a time, and offered me a dollar or a cut quarter, but I could not take their hard-earned money and told them I would get along, and more than earn my own and my little sister's living, by my work at the station.

Israel then told me the whole story of his captivity and I will repeat for you in his own words,

as well as I can recollect them, the parts you will be most interested in hearing.

"I surrendered," he said, "when I fell into the creek, for three Indians were just behind me and covered me with their guns. They seemed to think they had got a prize, for at once they started for their village in the north without waiting to look for anything else. I never valued myself very highly, knowing so many men better than I am, but when I saw their eagerness about me I raised the price of myself, and concluded they did not own enough in their village to keep me in slavery.

"We made a long march that day and at night camped on Eagle Creek. The next day was rainy and one of the Indians took my hat and put it on his own dirty head, which would have been benefited by being washed by the rain.

"The Indian who had first laid his hand on me was very friendly, and I suppose their customs allowed him to claim me as his captive. Soon I let him know by signs that I wanted my hat. He put it back on my head, but at the first dash of rain the Indian took it again. I appealed to my friend a second time, but he shook his head and then opened his pack and took out a greasy wool cap.

"The rains had flooded the land and all the streams were high. The Indians knew where the fords were and walked in boldly where it looked very dangerous to me. My timidity made them great sport, and they went out of their way, I think, to see me get scared at crossing the deep creeks; but my friend locked his arm in mine and helped me through when the water came up to my neck.

"Sunday they marched into a thicket of game and killed two bears and a deer. After they had gorged themselves for an hour they jerked the meat over the fire. While the strips strung on wands were cooking and drying, they peeled a round of bark as big as a barrel from a tree, and sewed end pieces into it, making a neat, strong box. I was quite interested in this job of manufacture, new to me at the time, until, after it was filled with meat, they put it on my back; then I wished they had never invented it. However, there was no help for it and I carried it until it grew heavier and heavier, and when I could stand up under it no longer I threw it off.

"This raised a great laugh, while they called me papoose and squaw and started off again on their stupid horse laugh. They rubbed some

bear's fat on my back and put the box up again. I carried it a good bit and threw it off once more. My friend took it up and put it on his own head and carried it the rest of the day. After they had supper and breakfast it was not near so heavy. They thought they would humble me. One of them made a little fence of twigs and planted inside a grain of corn that he fished out of his pouch. He pointed to me and they all called me squaw and raised their horse laugh again. I understood well enough what they meant, but I thought they would starve before they ate any corn that I had to plant, for the resolution to escape was more firmly fixed every day and I watched every chance. You were very fortunate, Morris, to be followed by that kind old fanatic who rescued you, and you can never thank him enough for that act.

"To go on with my story, when we came near Old Chillicothe on the Little Miami there was a large camp of Indians well armed and all of them had horses. I was well received and did not have to run the gantlet, which I had all along dreaded. Perhaps they reserved that distinguished reception for me when we reached their own village.

"There was a white man by the name of Ward

in camp, who asked me about the Wards near Kenton's station. I tried to persuade him to go back to his people and to take me with him, but he had become so much of an Indian as to like their ways the best."

"Was he Jack Ward who was captured thirty years ago when he was a baby?"

"Ay, that's the man and I care little for him. I was plotting to escape now, for my friend had gone off with a band on the warpath and I had no security of kind treatment. The Indians had heard Kenton had killed some of their company and I had good reason to think I should be tortured. But there was no time for it now, for they heard Kenton was marching north and they were planning to ambush him."

"He did not have a fight, for he found their villages deserted," I explained.

"It was well he took a roundabout way home and missed that band, for they were too many for him. In the afternoon we left that camp and I knew nothing of what happened.

"I determined to escape that night. As usual they tied me, just as you were tied, with the ends of the rope under the men on each side of me. This tug was a rope of bark twisted up. When

they were all asleep I managed to draw my body in smaller and to pull the rope and pick it to pieces with my fingers. It was a tedious and painful job, for the bark was very tough and I did not get loose until just before dawn.

"Oh how glad I was when I was free at last, but I didn't do any shouting about it. I stepped out with the utmost care, took up my moccasins and softly slipped away into the bushes. Then I stopped to put on the moccasins, but had only half finished when I heard a yell in camp. I never ran so fast in my life. The Indians did not come my way and I never saw them again."

"What did you have to eat?" I asked.

"Nothing, during the whole tramp of nearly one hundred miles, except two turkey eggs which I happened to find in a bunch of dead limbs on the ground. One of them had a double yolk. I came down the Little Miami until I struck the traces of General Harmar's army on their expedition last spring. My old moccasins soon wore out, and my feet were cut and bruised, full of thorns, and so swollen that I could hardly bear my weight on them.

"Two whole days I walked, and when night came I thought I could never go a mile farther,

yet I struggled on, faint from hunger and sick with the pain at every step I took. I fell down by a tree and knew nothing for hours. When I came to myself I took a little courage, for somehow I had the conviction that I would get into Cincinnati that day. With a great effort I rose and stumbled along; when almost gone I would drag myself on again, take a rest and then try it once more, so I got over a good piece of the trace. At last I fell and lost consciousness again.

"After awhile I found myself awake and the same conviction as before came over me. I started once more and tried to forget the weakness and pain. Pretty soon the hills looked like the river hills and that gave me some heart to tramp along. Hours passed, but I progressed slowly. Finally I heard the clanking of a cow-bell and I can't begin to tell you how sweet that hoarse tinkling sounded in my ears.

"As I came to the steep brow of the hill from which I could see the broad river a mile away, I heard the ringing of an ax and knew my deliverance was near, but that last mile cost me agony every time I put my foot to the ground. When I came to the outlots there was that good man, William Woodward, who had compassion on me,

believed my story against all the clamor of the silly frightened people and took me to his home."

"I can't understand why they doubted your story."

"Why, Morris, you wouldn't have known me then, for the Indians had dressed me up like one of themselves. My leggings were soiled with rain and mud, and in place of my good shirt I wore an old greasy blanket. They had separated my scalp lock from the rest of my hair, tied a bunch of turkey feathers in it, and wrapped a piece of tin around it so tight that I could not undo it. They had even put a tin jewel in my nose. When I spoke Mr. Woodward looked to see if I was armed and then exclaimed:

"In the name of God, who are you?"

"You have heard the rest of my story in Cincinnati. It makes me mad even yet to think and talk about those pig-headed people, who persisted in calling me a spy and a decoy, after they had time to see the forlorn state I was in and that I was almost dead. You know all that and so I'll not tell it over again but try to forget it."

As the boat slowly advanced up the stream we had time to compare our experiences and talk over our plans.

"Your father's and mother's deaths make a great change in your life. What will you do?" Israel asked me.

"I intend to stay at the station and take my father's place. When I am old enough I shall be a surveyor."

"That is the very thing for you to do. You need not fret yourself about learning the business for I will teach you. Surveying pays well, and there will always be plenty of work in that line. First off you must learn arithmetic. Here we are with three idle days on this boat, so you might begin now and I will drill you on it."

I took out some paper I had bought of Mr. Strong, Israel set me some tasks in multiplying and dividing, and my time was well improved until we reached the station.

Although Mr. Donalson was not a man of unusual ability he was afterwards associated with great leaders in founding and governing our state. I think the traits of character which led to his being so honored began to show themselves in his youth, and in his conduct towards a poor boy like me. He was very faithful and industrious, and he encouraged those virtues in others. He took great pains to help me to improve myself and to

fit myself for a useful and prosperous life. He sought the best for himself and for his neighbors, and, as we now say, he kept posted on what was going on in the world. Such men as that acquire a strong influence in the community and in the state.

I studied under him all through that summer, reciting in the evenings, and working all day by the side of the men in the cornfield on the island, or in the clearings on our lots, or following the red deer through the forest when it was my turn to get meat.

Tom Anderson came over very often and would help me with my work until my task was more than done; then, we would take a few hours for hunting and fishing. We were both drawn to the woods and the river by a strong love of nature in her wildest forms. The beauty of the hills and valleys, the dashing of the brooks over their stony beds, the magnificence of the great trees in the bottom lands, and the changing colors of the sunrise and sunset on the river made pleasant and deep impressions on our minds.

Then, too, the excitement of hunting and fishing not only afforded a diversion to the monotony of our quiet life at the station, but also gave us

something new to talk about. Tom had a dog he called Mose, because he found him in the bulrushes where some Indians had lost him. Mose was one of the best hunters I ever knew, and he found many a deer and bear for us. Tom often brought Mose with him and he was the friend of every man, woman and child in our station.

One day late in June we found the fresh tracks of a doe and a fawn. The mother had cunningly hidden her young, and Mose could not find it, for fawns leave no scent. We concealed ourselves, and as Tom, who was a capital mimic, began to bleat, the doe came leaping to the spot where she had left her young one in the long grass. It seemed a pity to kill the mother at that season, especially when she had come with almost human feelings at the cry of her offspring, but as the station was out of meat it was a necessity. The fawn, standing by the dam, was easily caught and I carried it home to Susie.

She fed it with milk and in three days it was so tame it followed her all over the station. It was as gentle as a kitten and would stand by my side rubbing its head on my arm, or even try to get in my lap when I sat on my three-legged stool. It grew to be the pet of everyone in the station, and

to watch its graceful motions as it ran after the boys and girls in their play was a new pleasure in our lives. Susie, who missed mother so much, and who was so often alone in the daytime when I was away at my work, found a good deal of comfort in having such a beautiful and gentle pet to love.

CHAPTER VIII

A LONG LOOK AHEAD

It was a beautiful day in September, when all our men, except the guards at the station, were working in the cornfield on the lower island. While most of them were cutting and tying up, Israel Donalson and I were husking, for some of the corn was dry enough to be made into corn-meal, which we much needed.

We were busy and happy, seated on the dry fodder and enjoying the warmth and beauty of the day. The rustling of the blades made a pleasant sound, and the heat of the sun was tempered by a cool breeze from the water; over our head was the deep blue September sky; the wide river with its high enclosing hills covered to their summit with heavy forests made a fine prospect, and in the foreground were the bright yellow shocks of fodder and piles of golden corn; in swampy spots were bunches of blue asters and here and there the vivid scarlet of a sumach bush. Now

and then I lifted my eyes from my work to gaze on a scene worthy of a painter's brush.

Mr. Massie came near us as he was crossing the island, having stopped to sharpen his large knife.

"What are you two talking about?" he asked, and we laughed at ourselves.

"No doubt it sounds strange," Israel answered. "While our hands are busy our minds are free, and Morris wanted me to give him sums in arithmetic to work out in his head. That makes him quick at figures and trains his memory too. He is a regular Ben Franklin in his thirst for knowledge. The trouble is he has learned about all I can teach him and he ought to go to some better school."

"If he is so bent on learning it's a pity he cannot keep on. Haven't you more knowledge stored away under your hat which you can impart to him?"

"He says I sucked all the juice out of his knowledge, and left only the seeds and peel, but that isn't true. He knows ever so much that he has not taught me."

"That may be, but it's not the teaching which you need just now. In fact, Massie, I have carried

him as far along as I can and he ought to take a term with some more competent instructor."

"I will think about it, Morris, and see if we cannot do something for you this fall."

These words of Massie's gave me considerable satisfaction, for when he said, "I will think about it," something was almost certain to come out of his thinking. Under Mr. Donalson's teaching and conversation that summer my mind had awakened to a new understanding and appreciation of the value of knowledge. Here was this wonderful new world in which we lived, and men were just beginning to learn its history and riches. There were the great nations in the old world, with their customs and governments, their wars and history. At this time began my study of such subjects, and my interest in learning more about them has never flagged.

Mr. Massie did not forget his promise, but talked the matter over with me that evening. This showed the true spirit of the man, always ready to help others, especially if they wanted to better themselves. Nor did he let it seem as if he was conferring a benefit.

"You will be a more useful member of the station if you study this fall, and you can be of much

greater service to me in my surveys. I will tell you something of my plans.

"This Virginia Military District stretches along the river more than one hundred miles from the Scioto river to the Little Miami, and over one hundred and twenty-five miles north of us. It is four or five times as large as Judge Symmes' purchase. There will be more than four million acres of land, much of it exceedingly rich and fertile. When Virginia surrendered to the United States her claims to the Northwest territory, this is the ample domain she reserved for the veterans of the Revolution to whom she had promised land. It is now open for locating the lands on those military warrants.

"This district lies midway between the Ohio company with their settlement at Marietta and the Symmes Purchase with its center at Cincinnati. You know something about the great ordinance of 1787, by which all this territory northwest of the Ohio river was organized for government and opened up to settlement. The part of the territory we live in, that is, east of a line drawn north from the mouth of the Big Miami, is called the Eastern division, and is to be one of the

states—in fact it can be a state as soon as it contains sixty thousand people. It will not be ten years before this comes to pass, for look at Kentucky and think how rapidly it has grown. There are one hundred thousand people in Kentucky now."

"Where will the capital of the new state be? Answer that question, Donalson."

"It should be as near the center as possible, on convenient lines of travel."

"That will bring it within the limits of the Virginia Reservation. But there is another reason why it may be located there. Marietta and Cincinnati will each want to be first, and their rivalry will prevent either one of them from being the capital. If we have much the largest population in this section, we can easily control the location of the capital.

"Now, to come to my part of this grand work before us. I expect to do a large part of the locating of the lands, and surveying them for the soldiers who hold the warrants. I have established this station as a base of operations and supplies, and from this place I shall lead strong parties to survey the lands at the time of year when the In-

dians are not in the woods, but if we are attacked we will fight them."

"Do you think this station will become the capital?" I asked.

"Hardly, although I should be glad if it could be, but I think it will be on the Scioto much farther north. It is my ambition to make a good town of our station, still, I have the higher ambition to lay out the capital of our future state. It will be on a river, of course, and for a hundred miles from its mouth the Scioto is a navigable river, so I feel sure that the capital will be in that central valley of the future state."

"That is a shrewd forcast of future events and if the Indians do not object too seriously you may see it carried out. A few years ago Kentucky was the dark and bloody ground of the West. It had no military protection, but has grown in the face of all the terrible ravages of the Indians. If the Government will pacify the Indians we shall see a rush of boats down the Ohio and this country will be rapidly settled."

"Yes, Donalson, and I have assurances from the leading men in Congress and in the Cabinet of President Washington that we shall be protected."

This talk of Mr. Massie's fired my ambition. Would the time come soon when we should see the forests cleared away, and cities and villages taking their places, with thriving farms and bustling factories, where wagons and plows, furniture, cloth and many other articles would be made? Then I too, Morris Patterson, wanted to have a share in such enterprises.

But Mr. Massie had more to say that directly concerned me.

"Morris, I want you to think about what it means to have a large population here, and to be organized into a state. Many new counties will be formed, with sheriffs and judges and members of the legislature to be elected. In the state government there will be other positions of trust and influence, such as governors, congressmen, senators and supreme judges. Educated men will be needed for such places. Get your education, Morris, keep sober and industrious and make all the money you can. Then you will be one of the men fitted for public service, and your fellow-citizens will choose you for it."

This last suggestion did not make a very strong appeal to me, because, brought up in the back

woods, I did not know much about such things. At this point, Mr. Donalson said:

"If Virginia now owns so large a block of land in the heart of this territory, and gives it away to her old soldiers, she will have a large part in making the new state. The Marietta people think they are making a state out here, and that it will be a copy of one of the New England states."

"Yes, there will be many Virginians here and many Scotch-Irish from Pennsylvania, and from Ireland also. There will be Germans, and, in fact, people from many sections who want land. But Virginia, as you say, will probably have a strong influence. I would not object to that, as I am a Virginian, and like her ideas and ways.

"Now, Morris, if you want to study this fall, I think we can spare you, and you might go to Cincinnati, where they are to open a good school, and stay until the middle of the winter. Then we shall need you either as a chain carrier in my company of surveyors, or to help defend the station while part of us are away. I think I can find a place for you in Cincinnati."

"I must take Susie with me. I could not be separated from her for so long a time."

"I supposed you would want her to go. Do you

L. of C.

want me to arrange for you to spend three months down there?"

I very thankfully accepted this kind offer and a few minutes later left the blockhouse and returned to our cabin to tell Susie about it, finding her as pleased as I at the prospect of going to school. Two weeks after that Mr. Massie received an answer to a letter he had written to Mr. Strong, with the good news that Mr. and Mrs. Gardner would be glad to have us spend three months with them, paying for our board by our work.

The river had been very low for a month, but now rains in the mountains of Pennsylvania and Virginia gave a good depth of water, and boats bringing the supplies for General St. Clair's army began to come down. On an emigrant's flat-boat that came in company with them, Mr. Massie secured a passage for us. At the last, Susie would not leave her pet fawn behind, although it had grown quite large. I could not wonder at her fondness, for the animal was as much of a cosset as it had been in the summer.

On the second day, towards evening, we had passed Columbia, and were looking ahead to catch sight of the flag on Fort Washington, as we

listened for the sunset gun. I saw someone moving on the right hand shore ahead of us and pointed him out to the owner of the boat. Then I jumped up and watched him closely.

"It's a boy, and he is running back as if he was afraid of Indians. Oh, you can see now there's a wolf after him,—two of them, coming down the hill. Don't you see them? They will tear him to pieces. I must help him."

There was a skiff tied to a corner of the flat boat, and I threw the oars into it, took my gun, and jumped in without asking Mr. Adams' consent. The steersman cast off the rope and I pushed out, shouting to the boy to fight the wolves or climb a tree.

It took me a few minutes to reach the shore and run up the bank, but when I came up there was the boy with his back to a tree, bravely fighting for his life against the hungry beasts.

I aimed at the largest one and brought him down with a bullet through his heart. Then we both clubbed the other so fiercely that he ran off a hundred feet and sat looking at us with hungry eyes, howling with rage, but not daring to return.

The boy was younger than I by two years, but a real plucky fellow.

"I'd like to kill that other one. He bit and tore my arm. Load up your gun and let me shoot him."

"I did not stop to get my powder horn. We ought to get away before he calls any more wolves down the hill."

"We will take the one you shot. The skin is worth three or four dollars."

We dragged the body down to the water and after some hard lifting got it into the skiff and pushed off. The boy looked me all over and then said:

"Who are you and where did you come from?"

When I told him he responded:

"I've heard of you. I'm George McNeil, Dave's brother."

"I saw Dave last spring. Who is that riding along the shore?"

"That's my cousin, Will Brewster, looking for me. Hello, Will! I'm here in this boat with Morris Patterson, and you ought to see the big wolf we've killed."

"What will you be doing next, George? How could you kill a wolf without a gun?"

"Morris shot him but I knocked him over twice with a club."

"As soon as you get to the landing you come right home, for your mother is dreadfully worried about you."

It was nearly dark when we caught up with the flat-boat as it was pulling into the landing at the village, and soon after, Susie and I were kindly received by our new friends, the Gardners.

CHAPTER IX

THE SCHOOL BY THE FORT

I was at the woodpile the next morning helping Mr. Gardner, when George McNeil came around with several other boys. They wanted me to go down to see the soldiers and the school house which the men were raising near the fort.

"I can't go this morning, George, for I must work for my board, and Mr. Gardner needs me. I have to support myself and Susie by my work.

"Dan, you ought to be splitting wood," said Mr. Gardner. "There's your mother with the ax in her hand looking this way. Morris can go after awhile, George."

The village at Cincinnati was not surrounded by a stockade, but the houses were built along Front Street on the top of the bank facing the river. Some of the cabins were farther away on Main Street and the fort was two squares back on higher ground. A fine square had been set apart for the school and other public buildings, on the high second bank, a quarter of a mile from the

river. Here the Presbyterian church had been built that spring, but in these dangerous times the people were afraid to have the school so far away, so they were raising a school house near the fort, where the children would be protected from any sudden attack by the Indians.

The first term of school would begin October 1st, and last three months. The new schoolmaster had the promise of thirty scholars, at eight shillings, or one dollar, a month for each one. Mr. Gardner applied for a place for Susie and me, and a bargain was made that I should dress the wolf-skin and that we should have two months' schooling for it.

It did not take long to build and furnish a school house in those days, and at the beginning of the next week school opened.

The writingmaster, as they called him, was one of those Scoth-Irish men, who for many years were almost the only teachers in the West. They were good teachers, but many of them were slovenly and intemperate in their habits. Boys and girls now would not only think them cruel, but would be astonished at some of their ways of conducting a school.

Three years later there came one September

day the grand news of Wayne's victory over the Indians at Fallen Timbers. The writing-master gave the children a holiday, and marched all the boys up to the tavern on Front street, where he treated each one to a glass of cherry bounce, and no one at that time thought it wrong. In some ways the world has grown wiser and better since then.

Somehow it was my good luck to get to the head of the school before long, and as I was a stranger some of the boys showed a jealous spirit and made trouble. As they came to know me, and I took my share in all their games and fun, this antagonism wore off.

I sat beside George McNeil on the long bench, which reached from the front of the room to the rear. It was made of puncheon, that is, half of a log with the split side dressed, and several legs driven into auger holes. Before us was a sloping shelf, a wide hewn plank dressed down as smooth as could be done with an ax, resting on pins driven into the log wall. High above our heads so that we would not waste time looking out, was a long opening to let in light. In cold weather this was covered with greased paper instead of

glass. The girls sat on the opposite side of the school room at a similar desk.

At my right hand was Dan Hodgen, a boy who would not study and who was jealous of me because I had taken the lead in our games. There was little time for play, as school hours were long and everyone had work to do morning and evening. We played prisoner's base, bull-pen, town ball, as you do, and shinny, which I think was an Indian game. Sometimes on Saturday we made rafts by tying small logs with grape vines. We used to climb to the top of saplings and bend them down with our weight; then the girls would catch on and spring up and down, screaming and laughing every minute and pretending they were going to fall. Indian warfare was, of course, our great game, and we never tired of it.

In those days teachers and parents thought it of the greatest importance that boys and girls should write a round, even and beautiful hand. If you take up the letters written fifty years ago in the early part of the century, you can have no trouble in deciphering them, for they are read as easily as print and are as beautiful as copperplate.

I had a new copybook. made of unruled foolscap paper, which Sarah McNeil had stitched to-

gether for me. After I had borrowed the master's ruler I ruled the page with my lead plummet, made in the shape of a tomahawk; then the master set me a copy, one of Poor Richard's proverbs—

"If you would have your business done, go; if not, send."

I wrote it off carefully and looked at it with some satisfaction; then I dipped my quill in the ink horn and began a second line but the pen scratched. I turned and held it up to the master as he walked up and down the room behind us with his taws under his arm, his eye ranging over the school, and his voice directing a class, wrestling with the easy words in Webster's spelling book. He took out his pen-knife and began to cut a new point on my quill.

"Spell 'baker,' Ethan," he said to a little boy. "Dan, let me see that sum. You have forgotten the rule. Read it aloud," he added, handing him Pike's Arithmetic. "Don't you see you have added your shillings to your pounds. Do that over again and put your pounds in the right column, or I will give you some of another kind on your back."

My pen was finished and ran smoothly, and I was putting an extra flourish on my capital when

my elbow got a hard shove that made a scrawl on the page, while the delicate nib of the pen was spoiled by catching on the shelf.

"See what you've done, Dan Hodgen. I'll scalp you for that," I muttered, giving him a dig in the ribs as advance payment of the score.

The master's back was turned but his ears caught the sound of our scrimmage, and looking at the pen and paper he took it all in. He gave me a cut for talking, then Dan got three savage blows and was made to stand near the master's desk, holding a heavy stone at arm's length all the time the pen was being mended once more. When at last he was released Dan rubbed his aching arm, then the blue stripes on his bare legs, and instead of studying meditated some scheme of revenge on me.

The next morning George and I were digging fish-bait by the little brook, the outlet of a narrow strip of swampy land that covered the space between Second and Third streets. Susie and a smaller girl passed by to the crossing; then there were screams and a splash, and both girls were in the water. Susie was mad and the little girl crying.

"Never mind, sister, the water isn't deep."

"But it's cold and wet and the mud is nasty."

"You must take care next time not to slip."

"We never slipped, Morris. The plank turned."

"It's always been solid. Somebody has meddled with it," I said, lifting the puncheon's end from its bed, and finding under it a flat stone with a round one on top for a pivot.

"That's some of Dan's mean work. I saw him stop here," George said as we replaced the puncheon. Then I caught Dan and pushed him down to the creek, rolling him over in the mire in spite of all his struggles, for I thought he ought to be punished for his meanness to the little girls. Like all cowardly bullies Dan picked out those weaker than himself for his tricks because it was safer to annoy them, and a few days later I had to stop some of his persecutions.

Ethan Putnam was a boy who had lately come from Massachusetts. His parents had not married early and he was their only child. His mother dressed him very nicely in a quaint style that had been the fashion when she herself was a girl. As most of the boys wore buckskin or homespun linen, or linsey, Ethan's fine clothes made him a marked boy. His brown cloth suit was ornamented with

brass buttons; the waist coat was cutaway and reached to his knees. He wore knee breeches, black stockings and shoes with large buckles. He had no wig but his long hair was tied in a queue.

One morning when the fog was still hanging like smoke among the trees and the grass was dripping, George and I came up to the school where Ethan was crying in the center of a group of boys.

"What are you boys doing to Ethan?" George asked.

"Dan is taking the Yankee out of him."

This process of initiation into Western life was varied. Today the boys were pounding out of Ethan a pronunciation that seemed harsh to them. I looked on to see what was being done, and probably Dan thought he was safe.

"Say 'how,' " Dan demanded.

Ethan blubbered and hesitated until Dan's fist threatened him, then answered "Haow."

"Where were you going this morning when I saw you?

"I was driving our keow to parsture."

"Sam, get a split stick like you wore in school yesterday, and put it on his nose so he won't talk through it."

But Ethan, breaking through the circle, ran to me for protection and I pitied him.

"See here, Dan Hodgen, don't you touch Ethan again. You can take a boy of your own size to tease."

Dan darted after Ethan and I put out my foot and tripped the bully.

"What did you do that for?" he demanded, rubbing his elbow.

"I want you to let this little fellow alone. You ought to be ashamed of yourself."

"We didn't hurt him. He ort to learn to talk right."

"Your old grandfather in Cornwall talks worse than that. Major McNeil says their talk would sound like Shawnee to us. Ethan will learn fast enough to speak correctly from hearing us talk."

"Oh la! Just hear Morris," said one of the large girls who had come up in time to hear my egotistical speech, but none of the boys saw anything amusing in it.

"I'll pay you up for tripping me and meddling with my fun. See if I don't."

I did not think anything of his threat, considering it only as an idle boast, for Dan had found out

by this time that I was too strong and quick for him to tackle.

The third morning after this, Susie's fawn was gone. George and I had hunted for it in vain and Susie was in great distress. As there was a light frost we began to look for foot tracks, and finding large marks thought an Indian had sneaked in during the night and stolen it. I showed it to Will Brewster, who had lived among the Indians.

"That's not an Indian's track. It looks like Dan Hodgen's foot. Let's follow it up west."

We picked up the trail easily, and it led us to the forest beyond the Big Lizard Mound. Here was a poor affair meant for a bear trap, which every boy knew was Dan's, and inside was Susie's fawn. We took the fawn home, and as the story went about among the boys and girls, Dan's father got hold of it, and so Dan got a threshing.

My angry feelings did not last long; and as I looked at Dan's trap, I wanted to make a good one for him. I told him a bear would knock such a flimsy pen to smithereens with one blow of his big paw. The next Saturday I got some of the boys out there, and we helped Dan make a turkey trap out of it.

We built it up square and solid and covered the

top with brush. Under one side we dug a trench leading into it, which we baited with corn and left open. Once inside the silly birds would not poke their way out but try vainly to fly out the top. Here Dan caught three turkeys and he gave me one of them. After this we got along very smoothly, proving it is much the best way for boys not to keep up the quarrels that rise between them.

Soon after, Dan asked me to look at a wagon he was making which did not run well. I borrowed a saw and an auger and cut wheels from a small poplar log, fitting them on strong axles. As we had no nails, we used straps and sinews to tie on the rough box Dan had made. Dan could not get done telling about his wagon.

The next half holiday I was busy at the wood-pile, but at last I noticed how quiet the street was, and wondered where all the boys were. Having finished my task I went to find George, or Dan, for I had a mind to go up the Walnut Hills road hunting, but no one knew where they or any of the boys were. At last I found Ethan, who said everyone had gone nutting back of the fort.

There was a general feeling of security about Cincinnati since General St. Clair's army had marched north to fight the Indians, and to build

a chain of forts in their country. They were now building Fort Jefferson and the Indians probably were watching to find out the General's plans, and getting ready to give him battle. Still the people were vigilant and the parents would not have allowed the children to wander off into the woods if they had known it. So I took my rifle and hurried out over the hills to find them.

Not far beyond Sixth Street I heard screams and saw some of the boys tearing along towards the village with the girls not far behind them. Dan was at the head with his wagon, which even in his terror he had not forgotten. I ran toward them and they screamed "Indians" as they saw me. Some looked back and stumbled into bushes, and one bright girl about Susie's age, not watching her path, ran into a small tree and fell to the ground.

As I stooped over her she raised herself and with a dazed look started on. Her right leg and shoulder had received the hardest shock, and this saved her from a bad accident.

"Dan, come back and take Ruth in your wagon," I shouted. "I will stand here and guard you. There are no Indians in sight."

The boys moved off hauling Ruth, and I went

cautiously from tree to tree for I was not sure all the children had gone home.

Under a beech tree I saw a single Indian stoop and pick up a blue calico sunbonnet. He examined it in and out, put it on his head, capered about like a child and then started for the hills. As we afterwards learned he was White Eyes, who had come down to discover how many soldiers were in the fort, and whether any more armies were on their way to join St. Clair. He had been in the top of a tree on the Hill, now called Mount Adams, looking down into the fort, and seeing the children come out thought he would give them a scare. A fine scare it was and none of them went nutting again that year.

When the alarm came two of the boys had been in a beech tree beating down the sweet and toothsome nuts which had tempted them so far into the forest. They crouched down as quiet as mice and after an hour dropped to the ground and raced home. For a long time the sight of a beech nut made them feel sick. Altogether it was a fortunate escape and the boys learned a good lesson from it.

CHAPTER X

WITH MASSIE IN THE WOODS

About the middle of the term our school was interrupted for two days by the most dreadful calamity that occurred in the early history of the West, the defeat of General St. Clair's army. It is not my intention to describe it here, for I was too young to be in the army and so was not at the battle, but living in Cincinnati at the time, I saw and felt the sorrow and distress that followed.

Of course our school was dismissed, for some of the children had lost fathers and brothers, all of us were nervous and depressed, and study was impossible. Mr. McNeil's family were in terrible anxiety about their son, David, who was an officer, and I well remember how relieved we all felt when he came back unhurt. Yet Dave's story of those that were lost and the massacre of the wounded, made us realize only too vividly the horror of that awful scene.

After two days, school began again and it was

well that work and study had to go on, for they diverted our minds in the prevailing gloom.

About the middle of December, Mr. Massie came down to Cincinnati in a canoe, on his way to Louisville. He had a package of Virginia Military land warrants for several thousand acres of land, which his partners in the East had purchased for him, and some others he was commissioned to locate for the owners. He arrived with his companion in the afternoon, and Mr. Gardner asked Mr. Massie to stay with him. When Susie and I came from school he was sitting in front of the big open fire, and you may be sure we were glad to see him.

Mr. Gardner's cabin was of good size, having two rooms below and a half story above which was divided into two bedrooms. Instead of a ladder there was a rough stairway built of boat plank by the side of the fireplace in the kitchen or living room.

That evening as we sat by the fireside, Mr. Massie told us of his plans. Mr. Gardner was much interested and inquired why the lands were opened up in that region in such a different way from those about here in Judge Symmes' purchase.

"The first attempt to settle the Ohio lands," ex-

plained Mr. Massie, "was made by the Ohio company, an association of army officers. They purchased a vast tract, a million and a half acres on both sides of the Muskingum, and began the first settlement at Marietta, in April, 1788. Congress was very anxious to make the sale, and promised them protection.

"Then Judge Symmes and his associates made this great purchase here of one million acres, and Columbia, Cincinnati and North Bend were settled in 1789 and 1790. Both these strong land companies had sufficient influence with the Government to secure military guards and forts that the Indians dare not attack. My station is an individual enterprise, and necessarily all the settlements that are to be made will have the same character: I mean they will consist of a union of individuals who own land in one neighborhood. I do not think it would be worth while to ask for protection. If the Government will subdue the Indians by a strong army under a capable leader we can take care of ourselves."

"I hope this horrible defeat and massacre will open the eyes of the Government, Congress and the whole nation to our true situation," was Mr. Gardner's comment. "We must have a chain of

forts to the lakes and take possession of Detroit and the whole Indian country. One regiment with only half its men available is not sufficient. There should be a regiment at Detroit and a strong fort at Little Turtle's capital and a line of them one day's march apart."

"That is a sensible plan and could easily be made effective," Mr. Massie replied. "Such a disaster as has happened will surely create sympathy for us, and criticism of the Government. So I am sure Congress will be forced by public sentiment to take strong measures for our relief. They must also see that it is to their interest to do so. How can they sell the Congress lands if the people are afraid of the Indians and cease emigrating to the West?"

"I had not thought of that but it is well put. I wish you would tell that to some of the leaders in Philadelphia."

"I believe they will take action and I am basing my plans on that belief. The Indians will be quiet for some time. They are parading in the uniforms of our dead soldiers, exhibiting their strings of scalps, boasting of their butcheries, and feasting on the provisions they captured. They do not

know how to follow up a victory, and so for a while we are safe."

"If St. Clair's story is true, there were not enough provisions in his camp to feed a horde of Indians three days."

"That's so; but you may be sure the English at Detroit have given the Indians droves of cattle and a lot of flour as a reward for such a blow in their interest."

"But," Massie continued, "I was saying that we are pretty safe, and now is my time to make locations and surveys. I expect to spend the month of January doing that. I shall not go very far from our station, so that I can easily reach it in a day if it is necessary to retreat."

This was news and I listened with keen interest. Mr. Massie turned to me.

"Morris, do you want to go with me? You can begin by being a chain carrier, and as you learn the business I will give you better work and more pay."

"I would like to go with you," I replied without a moment's hesitation. This was the work I wanted to learn to do. I had thought it all over many times, and my mind was made up that I would be one of Massie's band of surveyors. I had

no fear of Indians when out with him, for he was a wise leader and a brave fighter. He had been a soldier in the Revolution and had been trained in the woods. So I added with boyish partiality:

"I would rather have you for a captain in a fight with the Indians than any officer in the army."

"You do me more honor than I deserve. I mistrust your words of praise are those of boyish admiration. But I shall take the best precautions to avoid the Indians. If they should ever attack me I hope they will find me ready for them; and I would die defending my men."

"If I can get somebody to keep Susie, I will go with you. How long will you be out?"

"About a month or five weeks. It should not take us longer than that to survey the warrants I have."

"Leave Susie with me," said Mrs. Gardner. "I shall be delighted to have her. We love each other, don't we, Susie, and you will stay with me, won't you?"

"I do love you, Mrs. Gardner, and you have been like a mother to me. But I should be so far from Morris down here. Suppose he gets sick, or gets an Indian arrow in him. I must be there to nurse him and he would want me."

"Yes, I should, and while you are very kind to ask her to stay here, I think she would be more contented near the station. Mrs. Anderson will be glad to have you there, Susie."

After some explanation on my part this arrangement was thought to be the best, and we decided on it. Then Mr. Gardner asked Mr. Massie to tell him about the land warrants.

"There were several states that laid claim to most of this territory on the ground that their original colonial charters read 'from Ocean to Ocean'. They understood also the value of the land, and after they were done fighting England you remember they were almost ready to fight each other because their claims overlapped. But happily these conflicting interests were adjusted by the states surrendering their titles to the disputed region, in favor of the United States. Connecticut made a certain reservation and so did Virginia.

"Of all the states Virginia made the most generous offers of land to her Revolutionary veterans and soldiers. A private was promised two hundred acres; a non-commissioned officer four hundred; a captain three thousand; a colonel five thousand, and other officers in proportion. Many received their land in Kentucky; but before she

separated from Virginia and became a state all the good land there had been taken up, and the Virginia Military District north of the Ohio was offered for entry."

"Why do you have to go to Louisville to make the entry?"

"Colonel Robert C. Anderson was appointed principal surveyor and all entries and surveys have to be made through him. I spent some time in his office at Louisville assisting him and he appointed me one of his deputy surveyors. O'Bannon is one, and William Lytle another, and Lucas Sullivant and others. Here are some of the warrants. Look at them."

After examining them Mr. Gardner asked why some of them were assigned to different persons in succession and finally to Massie, while others were still in the name of the person to whom they were issued.

"Some soldiers were poor and needed money; others too infirm from their wounds to move West, and so they sold them, very cheap, I fear. Others have kept them in their own name. I buy these lands through my agents at Richmond for various prices. The others I shall enter for the owners and they will give me a share of the land for sur-

veying it. Usually in Kentucky the surveyor received one-fourth of the land, but I would not run the risks of surveying in the region ravaged by hostile Indians, for that amount. The owners give me one half of the land for my share."

"What will you do with these warrants in Colonel Anderson's office?"

"I shall enter each in turn and he will copy them in a book, stating the amount of land called for, and where it is to be located, as these, for instance, on the head waters of Brush Creek. Then the other deputies will not go to that locality to make surveys on their warrants."

I need not repeat all the details of the business as Massie explained it. These are the most important parts. It was late that evening before we went to bed, for Massie told us some of his exciting experiences, ending up with a bear story that ought to have kept me awake; but as it was long after my usual hour for retiring, I dropped asleep as soon as I had rolled myself up in my bearskin on the floor. I did not know when Massie came up. In the morning he was still asleep on a similar rug when I went down to stir up the fire and bring in wood.

That day he went on to Louisville, and in two

weeks returned. Meantime Susie and I kept on with our studies, but on the last day of the year the four of us started up the river in the open boat. Even with three paddles our progress was slow, and it was the fourth day when we reached our station, about the middle of the afternoon.

It did not take long to complete our preparations, and a few days later Susie was with Mrs. Anderson and I had my budget ready. We were all warmly clothed in oiled buckskin, which did not easily get water-soaked. Each carried a blanket, gun and ammunition, and a pouch containing five pounds of meal made from parched corn. My share of the general baggage was the chain. Mr. Massie carried the surveyor's compass, which was one of the old fashioned kind called a Jacob's Staff. One man carried an ax and three others tomahawks.

The snow was gently falling as our little party of seven left the station. Two hundred yards ahead of us marched Jack Giddings, a woodsman whom Mr. Massie had found in Cincinnati at Major McNeil's house. He was our faithful hunter and spy, and a general utility man, who could do anything that needed to be done, with neatness and despatch.

In the middle of the morning, Jack gave a signal, to which Massie replied by a wave of his hand. He halted us at once, saying:

"Keep perfectly still, boys, Jack has sighted game."

Donalson, our rear guard, was also halted and everything remained quiet until we heard the report of a gun. Then we cautiously advanced until Jack hailed us with the good news that he had killed a buck. The animal was bled and dressed and the best of the meat divided up so that each of the men had about twenty-five pounds, and I fifteen, for an additional load. We did not march with so light a foot after that, but before night we had reached the point on the creek where Massie intended to begin his survey, and so went into camp.

Jack and Israel scouted the neighborhood thoroughly and reported that there were no traces of Indians; so we made a large fire, broiled our venison and made a hearty meal. After supper we sat around the fire talking about the day's trip and comparing it with other adventurous journeys in the forest, telling hunting stories and going over General St. Clair's campaign. Then Jack told us

about his trip down the river and the fight with the Indians near the Scioto.

When the men began to yawn and Mr. Lytle was asleep, Massie said it was time to go to bed. We marched single file, stepping backward, until we were two hundred yards from the fire. Here we scraped away the snow, laid two blankets on the ground, covered ourselves with the others, and slept as soundly and peacefully and in nearly as much comfort as if in our cabins at home.

I waked up early but Massie would not let anyone stir until there was a good light. Then Jack crept out cautiously and examined the grounds. Finding no Indians lying in ambush, he called out: "All safe." We rose at once, built our fires, washed our faces in the snow, and cooked breakfast. As soon as we had eaten, Massie opened the box in which he carried his compass and fixed it on the ball socket of the staff. He drove the pointed end into the ground in a place by the stream which gave him an unobstructed view over a fine section of bottom land with rich uplands on each side. Five feet from the spot was an oak tree at the mouth of a small branch of the stream, coming from the west, and near by were a maple and a sycamore. On the oak he took out a section of

bark a foot square and in the center of the scar thus left, with a small chisel he cut the letter M. and blackened it with gunpowder.

"Here is my first corner, Morris. Carry the flag up stream till I tell you to stop. Jack, you go along to guard him. If you see or hear anything suspicious, warn Morris and he will signal us and come back to me."

When I had gone about fifteen rods a large sycamore stood in the line and Massie signalled me to plant my rod. When he had taken his reading from the compass, the chain man measured the distance and I noted the chains and links in the field book. Then Massie set the compass five feet southeast of the tree to mark an offset around it and another group not far beyond. This new line was measured off five chains, parallel to the first line, and then we began again in line with our first measurement.

"I would not take all that trouble," said William Lytle. "You are as particular as Anthony Wayne in the thickly settled townships of Chester County, Pennsylvania. I would just walk around that tree and run along in the same direction as near as I could hit it easily."

"I have as much ambition about my work as

General Wayne has about his," Massie replied.

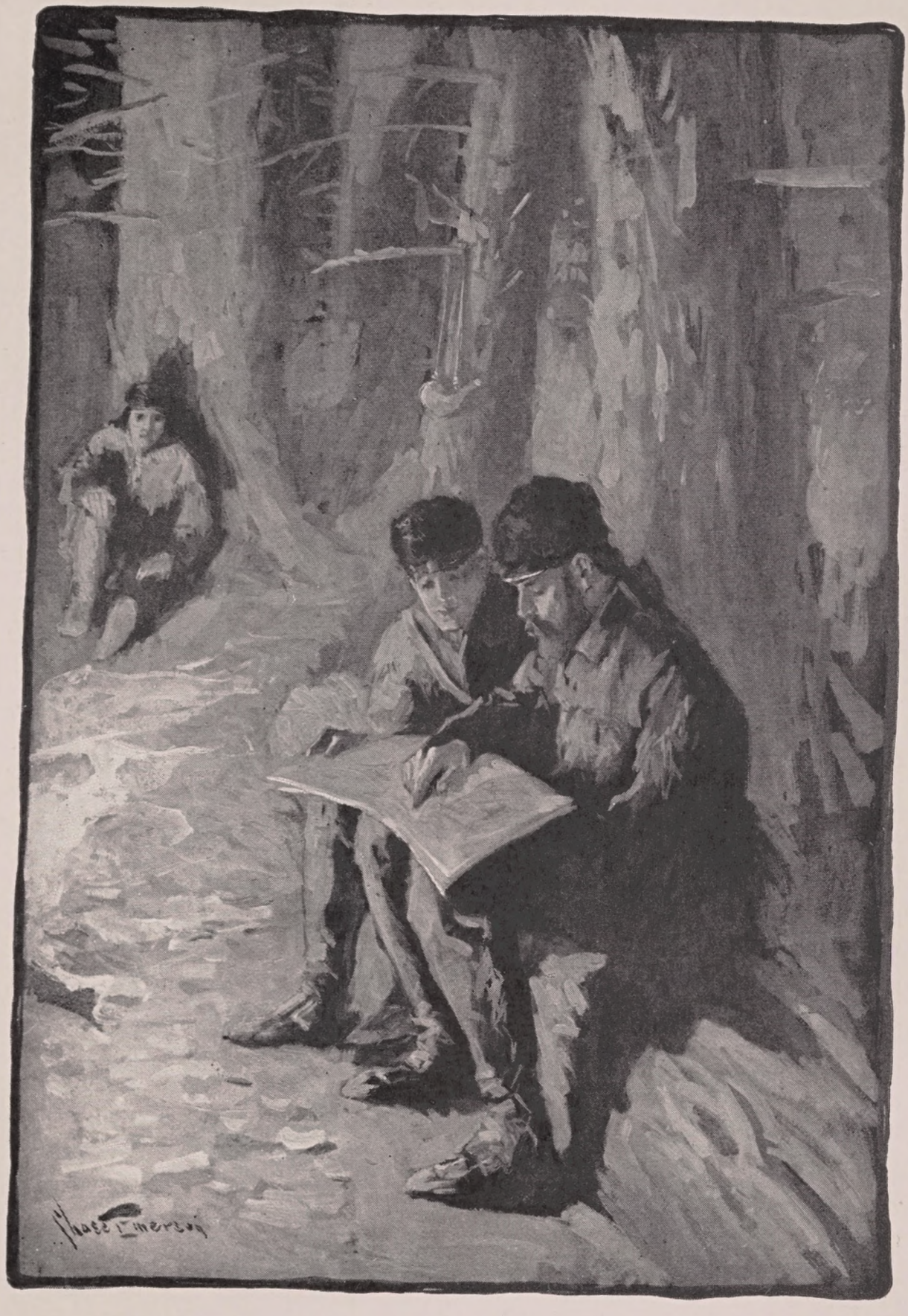
"They say you do your surveying on horseback, Lytle. How is that?"

"I won't deny that I have sometimes done it so, Israel. But it was only where rough work would never be questioned."

"I want my work to be done correctly. Bad surveying breeds bad blood among neighbors who should live peaceably side by side, instead of having quarrels and lawsuits about the lines of their land."

After following the meanderings of the stream for three miles we turned to the west, marking the corner on an elm tree, and measured off a line two miles long at right angles to the general course of the stream. Here on the top of a high hill a third corner was established on a red oak surrounded by three beech trees. Back again we went, southeast by south, parallel with the stream for two miles and a half, to a corner of four white oaks near a small stream running east, and then a trip down this brook brought us to the starting point.

This was a good day's work and we were glad to get back to camp, where Jack had a good fire and the smell of broiling meat made our mouths water for our supper.



"THAT EVENING MR. MASSIE ASKED ME TO SIT ON A LOG BY HIM"

That evening Mr. Massie asked me to sit on a log by him, and with the firelight shining on his field book he mapped out the tract surveyed. Then he explained to me the principles and methods of mensuration, and we computed the different areas and ascertained the whole acreage.

"Here is Captain Maynard's warrant for three thousand acres, of which I am to have one-half for my work, and there is a private's claim for two hundred acres, which I have bought. This survey will just about satisfy those two warrants, as I expected. Tomorrow we will run a dividing line that will cut off my seventeen hundred acres at this end. When I survey the tract below I shall select my share adjoining this so that I shall get about three thousand acres here in one body."

We were not molested by Indians, and spent the rest of January and a week of February locating lands on Brush Creek up to the forks, and then up each of these successively until the best land had been selected and surveyed. We worked hard and through stormy weather, exposed to wet and cold and sometimes in a stiff north wind that cut our faces and chapped our hands. After the first two weeks the only food we had was the meat our hunters provided. Mr. Massie set us a good ex-

ample of contentment and endurance. His cheerfulness and good humor were contagious, and on the whole we were a lighthearted and jolly band.

When we reached the station after our work was completed I was satisfied with the money I had earned and a good bearskin, the prize of a hunting trip, which was worth four dollars. But my greatest satisfaction came from knowing that I had borne my part in an important expedition, and that I had learned much about the business, acquiring confidence from this experience, which would fit me for a more responsible post the next time I went out with Massie.

CHAPTER XI

KENTON'S ATTACK ON TECUMSEH'S CAMP

The morning after our return I went over to Mr. Anderson's to see Susie and to bring her home. When I asked permission to be gone for two days, Mr. Massie said:

"Be sure you come home tomorrow evening, for I have some work for you here. You may help me draw up these maps and plats and copy the descriptions of the surveys. I shall file them in the surveyor's office, but I want a copy of each myself, and another to send to the owners of the warrants."

"I will come back tonight if you need me tomorrow."

"No, stay and visit with Tom, if you like, but be here for work early Friday."

I found Susie well and in no hurry to come home, being very much interested in learning to spin under Mrs. Anderson's efficient teaching. My sister was already showing some of those traits that have marked her busy life, for she was one

of those careful Marthas, whose homely ways and practical, kind-hearted usefulness add so much to the sum of human happiness. She wanted to stay longer, for she was not very proficient yet, and she was sure it would be worth a good deal to us if she could learn to spin well. Tom was determined I should stay a week, and Mrs. Anderson and all the family would hardly listen to me when I told them I must go back the next day. I did not want to disappoint Mr. Massie, so we went home Thursday afternoon.

Tom and I went over to see Kenton, whose home was not far from Mr. Anderson's cabin. He was now the captain of a company of militia. He told us the Indians were getting restless, and would be in the woods earlier than usual watching the stations for a chance to murder the men. He said we must be very careful not to go to work in the woods unless we had a strong, vigilant guard. However, February was a quiet month and March was well advanced before any trouble came.

The snow had melted and the frost was coming out of the ground, when Tom came over with a message to Massie from Captain Kenton, that some Shawnees had made a raid in Kentucky not far from Limestone. But while Kenton was or-

ganizing a company to pursue them, they returned and stole a number of horses from his neighbors, then passed down the river and crossed at Eagle Creek. It was thought that the leader was Tecumseh, a young brave, just working his way, by force of his ability, into recognition as a chief.

I listened very intently to the talk between Massie and Tom; and our men, who were crowded into the blockhouse, began to say that we must certainly help Kenton with a file of men from the station. Massie put it to a vote and all agreed. He called for volunteers and selected five men. Tom turned to me saying:

"I am going with Kenton. Come on. Mr. Massie will let you go."

"I want to go, for this may be an important battle and I would like to have a part in it."

"We cannot tell about that," said Massie. "It is a good thing to repel these forays of the Indians, and to follow up the bands and punish them. But many of these expeditions of the Kentuckians have not been wisely conducted, and so do not inflict much damage on the murdering savages. Go if you choose. You will gain some valuable experience and will be more useful to the station.

Be cool-headed and careful, and obey your captain."

"That's good advice, Morris," said Mr. Andrew Ellison. "These militiamen in Kentucky are too independent and do not obey orders, so they are defeated."

"I am glad you are going," said Tom. "Come right back with me, for I think the company will be ready to start by the time we get over there."

After a hasty goodby to Susie, whom I left with Mrs. Ellison, and cheered on by the good wishes of all the men at the station, we crowded into Tom's canoe and paddled down stream to Limestone. It was ten miles further to the point where the Indians had crossed and there were not boats enough to carry thirty-six men that far, so we marched along the river and made rafts at the crossing place.

Kenton was our Captain; Alexander McIntyre, the First Lieutenant; and Timothy Downing, the Second Lieutenant; Cornelius Washburn, a young man who was a very efficient scout, and had been serving as a spy on the river under Kenton's command, was one of the company. Samuel Barr went with us, and it proved to be his last march.

Ben Whiteman, a ranger, did good service as one of our scouts on the march.

It was dark when we got over the river, so we went into camp. Tom and I and Neil Washburn slept together, laying one blanket on the ground and pulling two over us, and were very comfortable. But the next day it began to rain, a cold wind was blowing in our faces, and the march was disagreeable. At night we got into the wet, swampy region, passing through what are called the Slashes.

The next morning before we broke camp Kenton found a number of the men were discontented. They wanted him to abandon the expedition and return home, saying that we had lost the trail and would wander about and accomplish nothing. Neil and Ben were positive that we were on the right trail, and that the Indians would travel so slowly today, or stop to hunt, that we were sure to catch up with them.

Finally Kenton said:

"We will excuse all that are faint-hearted and cowardly. If any are to desert or fly in a panic let them go now. I want no brashy sticks of timber. I want to know on whom we can depend in

the fight. These boys have more courage than you."

"Don't call me a coward. I'll go with you," said one man who had wavered. Others resented Kenton's words and there was some disputing. At last twelve men withdrew and left twenty-four of us to carry out the pursuit of the enemy.

About noon, Ben heard a bell and told Kenton of it. We halted and Ben, Neil and Barr were sent out in different directions to find the Indian camp. McIntyre and two other men followed Ben and soon heard the bell, evidently on a horse approaching them. They treed and succeeded in killing his Indian rider and capturing the horse. Kenton sent the spies on and they found the camp on the east fork of the Little Miami river, a few miles above the present village of Williamsburg. They reported to Kenton that the camp indicated a large band of warriors and he called us about him for a council. After some discussion he said:

"We have not men enough to be certain of victory, if we attack a strong camp in the daytime. If those deserters had not lost their courage, but were here, I would risk a fight at once. If there are fifty or seventy-five in the camp we shall be

defeated, and they will catch us when we retreat. The best thing now for us to do is to wait until it gets dark and make a night attack. The Indians are afraid of the dark. They are like children; they believe in ghosts, and witches and devils, and a night attack almost always puts them into a panic. If we can surround the camp and attack it at the same time when I give the signal, and make noise enough for a hundred men, most likely we shall start them to running like a pack of wolves."

Kenton's words were sensible and we knew that he spoke from a good understanding of the ways of the Indians. The company therefore decided to fall back to the hill behind us, which was a good place for defense if we should be discovered, and there wait for night. We were wet, cold and hungry, and our guns needed to be wiped out and dried. So leaving guards to watch the camp we went still further back and made a fire in a hole in the ground, ate our supper in comfort and prepared for the fight.

As soon as it grew dark enough to conceal our approach we returned to the appointed meeting place, and Neil reported that the camp was quiet, as the Indians for some time had been lying down

beneath the little bark huts which they usually sleep under when they are on a march. So Kenton's division, to which Tom and I belonged, filed off to the right, and Downing's to the left, leaving McIntyre's men in the center. All were to wait until our party gave the signal by firing, when everyone was to yell and stamp around behind the trees, and then fire on the camp.

Just as Downing's party had taken its position an Indian crawled out and stirred up the fire near them, throwing out the light far into the woods. Downing was dismayed at this, and almost certain the Indian would see them and give the alarm. So he fired, killing the red man. Our whole band now joined in the attack, and, making all the noise we could, we fired at every Indian who showed himself, and at the huts; then we reloaded our guns.

But we found we had a leader opposed to us who was of a different spirit from most of the Indians. Tecumseh* was one of the greatest military com-

*Tecumseh (Indian form Tecumtha, meaning "the meteor") was born in 1768, at a Shawano village on Mad river, about six miles south of Springfield, Ohio. His father was a chief in the Kiskopoke tribe of the Shawanoese, and was killed at the battle of Point Pleasant, Va., in 1774.

Tecumseh's oldest brother brought him up with great care, not only training him to much skill in hunting and in all the arts

manders that the Indians ever had. His career shows a talent for every detail of military preparation and manœuvre, that marks ability of a very high order. At this time, although only twenty-four years old, he met the emergency with courage and skill, keeping his band under perfect control. Springing to his feet at the first sound of a gun he called on his warriors to stand firm, and prepare to charge on their foes.

In a few minutes we found we were in the thick of a hot fight. Tecumseh had rushed forward armed only with his warclub, and seeing Samuel Barr near him, struck him down with one blow,

of warfare, but also instilling into his mind the cardinal virtues of manliness and courage and fortitude, and the love of truth and honor. He had always a horror of cruelty, and more than once interfered with the butchery of prisoners.

He was a statesman as well as a great military leader. His ideal was the union of all the tribes into one confederacy or nation. On the eve of success, his brother, the Prophet, rashly precipitated war in Tecumseh's absence and was defeated by General William H. Harrison at the battle of Tippecanoe, Nov. 7th, 1811. Tecumseh returned from the South a few days after the battle to find his followers scattered and his plans broken up.

Bitterly hostile to the United States, Tecumseh joined the English in the war of 1812. He commanded the Indian forces and was present at the surrender of Hull and at both sieges of Ft. Meigs. He was killed at the battle of the Thames, Oct. 5th, 1813, when General Harrison triumphantly closed the campaign in the West by the defeat of General Proctor's allied army of English and Indians.

breaking his skull. Barr never moved after he fell.

Our watchward was "Boone," which was a mistaken choice, for all the Indians knew him by name. As soon, then, as they heard the cry, they took it up, thinking Boone was our leader, and cried out "Boone, Che Boone," all through the camp. That produced confusion and we could hardly tell friend from foe. About the same time an Indian running down by the river fell in, and in floundering about in the water, made so much noise that Kenton thought more Indians were coming over to join in the fight. He knew we were outmatched and gave the order to retreat, which was repeated all along the line: "Kenton says, 'Retreat.'" Our men gathered in one mass and began to move off.

Charles Ward was near me and as I was reloading I saw him aim his rifle. I looked up as a young Indian came crawling out of one of the huts.

"It's a girl. I can't shoot a girl, and I believe she's half-white," Ward said to me, and as I looked a second time I was sure he was right.

"No! Don't shoot a girl. You would always be sorry," I answered, as I rammed down the bul-

let and opened the pan of my gun to prime it. Just then we heard the order to fall back. We supposed that we had killed a good many, but after peace was established Stephen Ruddle came back from the Indians, and told us that he had been in the Shawnee party and was in the camp that night. He said only two were killed and some wounded, and that their band was no larger than ours. He also told us that there was another white man in the camp with his family. It was John Ward who had been stolen when he was about three years old and had become as much of an Indian as the natives. Then Charles Ward was more than ever glad that he had not shot the girl, for she was his niece.

Kenton and his men retreated rapidly, keeping well together, and although the Indians pursued them they did not succeed in killing any of the white men in the retreating company. But McIntyre ran to the spot where the horse was tied and, mounting it, rode off and so was separated from the rest. Tecumseh and four of his men discovered his trail early in the morning and followed it, catching up with him when he was cooking his dinner just before noon. When he saw the Indians he fled, but Tecumseh gained on him.

McIntyre stopped and raised his gun, but before he could pull the trigger, two Indians rushed out of the forest by his side, seized his arms and tied them, and took him back to their camp.

Tecumseh thought the white men might return, so decided to move the camp and asked the Indians to catch the horses. They did not do it and he went out himself to get the ponies, taking one of his dog-soldiers with him. When he returned he found the others had murdered McIntyre. Tecumseh was very angry at their barbarous action. He upbraided them for their cruelty, and called it a cowardly act to kill a helpless prisoner. All through his life Tecumseh showed a broad-minded, large-hearted character. He did not sanction cruelty and his wars were not for revenge but in patriotic defense of the rights of his people.

Kenton brought his men safely home on the third day, after a great deal of suffering from cold and hunger, for they had left all their provisions, with the blankets, in camp. But when Tom's father came over to Kenton's cabin that night to inquire if there had been any news of our expedition, he was shocked and distressed at the sad information that his son was missing. Kenton told him the two boys had in some way dropped out of

the company when the retreat began and no one had seen them since. His fear was that they had been wounded and then captured and probably killed. They had not been killed in the fight and were by his side when he called out "Retreat." No one had seen them fall, and it was a mystery how or why they had disappeared.

The fact was that Tom struck his foot on a root or stone as he was running and had a heavy fall. I stopped, of course, to help him up, for no one would desert a friend in such dire peril, when a helping hand might save his life. I dragged him up to his feet, and thought he was a little dazed as he started off. Perhaps he was turned around, or it might have been my mistake, for somehow, although we were detained but a moment, we strayed from the others. However, we kept on running at our topmost speed, and although we soon found that we were lost from our party, we were glad to see no pursuers behind us when we dared to look around.

It was rainy weather, as I have told you, and the night was too dark for us by any means to tell the direction we were taking, but we kept running on as straight a course as we could until we were exhausted. When we stopped to get our wind and

to rest, we took good care to hide in the bushes and to keep perfectly quiet, but as soon as we had recovered a little strength we traveled on again.

When morning came we were sure we had gone at least twenty miles and Tom thought it might be twenty-five, but neither of us knew where we were. Of course, as soon as it began to get light we could tell the east, and by keeping to the south we knew we should sometime strike the Ohio river. One thing that seemed strange to me was that we had not crossed any large streams. I could not understand why we had not come to White Oak or Brush Creek and I thought we must have kept a pretty straight course south between some large creeks. If we could find some main stream and note its direction, we should perhaps be able to guess where we were.

We talked the matter over several times and at last decided to take a southeast course, thinking that would bring us to the creeks, and then, in two days, to our station, or to some familiar part of the river or forest near the station. But as we went on that morning we came only to small streams, and since they headed one after another in a certain central direction I said to Tom:

"We have made a mistake and come straight

east. These are the head waters of either White Oak or Brush Creek. We are as far from the Ohio as when we started or perhaps farther."

"If you are right the Indians won't look for us here. I am dead tired and nearly starved. I hear some turkeys calling and I propose to kill a turkey and roast it and eat breakfast. Then we will cover up our tracks and hide ourselves and go to sleep."

"I'm agreed to that, Tom. I think we are not in much danger here."

So Tom got his turkey and we had a hearty meal, then, carefully backing out to the little stream, we walked in the water for a mile and looked about for a dry place to sleep. After some search among the largest oaks we found a hollow one, crawled in through the low narrow hole, dropped to the ground and in a few moments were fast asleep.

When, after a long time, I awoke, I could not remember for a few minutes where I was, or tell the hour of the day. I was in the dark and as the events of the night came back to me I thought we had slept all day long. A streak of light shone in through a crack on the other side of Tom, who was still wrapped in slumber. I bent over him and made the startling discovery that a chunk of dead

wood had been placed inside the hollow, filling up the hole through which we entered.

Had Tom done this, or what had happened? Mystified and beginning to be alarmed, I shook Tom gently and then harder, until at last he woke up and began rather noisily to protest against being disturbed. I closed his mouth with my hand and whispered to him to be quiet.

"Did you put that chunk of wood in the hole?"

"What chunk? What are you talking about? Where are we anyhow?"

"You know when we crawled in here to sleep this morning we left the hole open. There's a chunk of wood in it now and that is why it is dark in here. Did you get up and put it there?"

"I haven't been up. I slept sound all the time since you and I lay down in here. It's very strange that anyone should find us and pen us in."

"I think someone has done it to hide us. It is very mysterious."

It was indeed a mystery and we sat there a few minutes thinking about it.

CHAPTER XII

THE LARGEST SERPENT IN THE WORLD

The only additional facts we discovered were that our guns had not been disturbed and that the wood was not fastened. We concluded it had been placed there to screen us from discovery and therefore there must be Indians about the neighborhood. Perhaps some of our foes had followed us, Tom suggested.

"Hardly that, but it may be so. Indians are said to be very cunning in picking up a trail, but they need daylight for it. Who has tried to shield us? It must be Kenton or one of our band. I am anxious to find out. Let us carefully peep out and see where we are, and if there are any signs of enemies. Look at your gun, Tom," I said, taking up my own and trying the lock and examining the priming by the streak of light.

Quietly lifting the large piece of rotten wood a little to one side I looked out. The air was cold and frosty but the sun was shining, and I thought

it was the near the middle of the day. I could see no person nor traces of anyone.

"Let me see," said Tom, and growing bolder after a brief survey, he crawled out, then finding no dangerous signs he told me to follow.

"It's noon," I said. "Do you see any track, Tom? I don't see any."

"There's a foot mark, and there's another, and they are not pigeon-toed, so a white man made them. Some friend has been here."

"I wish he would show himself then, and tell us where we are. We can't wait for him. It's dinner time, Tom."

"I feel hollow as that tree. Let's eat the rest of our turkey and then strike out for the river."

We crawled back into the tree and got our turkey. It was not cooked very well, but we thought it tasted good and left only the bones. Refreshed by rest, sleep, and a good dinner, we thought we could make a long march before night. But just as we started we heard a low whisper:

"Stop, boys, the redskins be near."

We turned and saw a man clad in buckskin from head to foot, except his warm beaver cap.

"Josh!" I exclaimed in joyful surprise.

"Softly, Morris. It mought be dangersome to

talk loud. Why, boy, ye hev grown that large, I didn't know ye," he replied in a low tone. "Ye must git out of here. Step easy like a painter, till I pull ye out of this hornets' nest."

Josh led us back to the stream, walking in the water for a mile till it entered a larger stream. As he paused, searching for a ford, he said:

"Now, ye can breathe free. There was a band of Indians camped a mile above ye. How did it so chance that ye wandered up here?"

I then told him about Tecumseh's raid, Kenton's pursuit, and the night attack. Josh concluded that the Indians he had seen were a different band.

"Is this White Oak Creek?" Tom asked.

"Its name, if so be it has one, is unbeknownst to me. I call it Painter's Creek, because I had a little scrimmage with an ugly beast down by the next bend. It slews around into the big river about fifteen miles below Limestone."

"Did the panther scratch you?" Tom inquired.

"He got his fore hooks on me an' clawed my back into strings an' ribbins. Jest lit on me off an oak limb thirty feet high, an' knocked me over like a toad stool. But I let leetle Sairy talk to him an' he had no more to say."

"Who's little Sarah? Are there any women out here?" Tom asked laughing.

Josh lifted the rifle on his arm.

"I call her Sairy fer an aunt of mine. She ain't easy spoke like most wimmin, an' when she lets drive nothin' more needs to be said."

We both laughed at Josh's reason for calling his gun Sarah and thought it was a good name.

"This is White Oak," I said. "It looks so narrow and shallow up here, that we must be a good many miles from the river."

"It's more than one day's tramp fer a man. Ye'd have to be in fine feather to stump it in less than two days fer there be many hills to climb. Ye'll lose yer hair if ye go that way now, fer the band ye were fighting may be searchin' fer stragglers in that part. Ye must circle around east of Massie's place an' strike the river above it."

Josh soon brought us to a shallow place and we waded through the riffle and down the stream until we struck a deep pool. There we left the water and went at a rapid pace in a southeasterly course. Josh wasted no time in talking, but led us on for ten miles through a region of rolling land and low hills. After that we passed over a broken country with high bold hills and rocky precipices here and

there. The sun was getting low behind us when we came out into fine bottom lands stretching along the margin of another fair sized stream. As we came to it I looked up and down, and said positively:

"I know where we are now. This is the east fork of Brush Creek. I was here two months ago with Massie."

"Mebbe that's one reason why the Indians went over into Kentucky. It angers them to hev ye leavin yer marks on the trees, to show that ye hev taken possession of their lands. If they ketch ye with yer compass they will tomahawk ye before ye can say Jack Robinson."

"Massie takes good care to keep out of their way. He will make a good fight if ever they attack him. There is a good ford a half mile below here, if you want to cross over."

"I know it. We will cross there. It's a leetle unhandy to come so fur around, but I've brought ye to a safe place. Don't be uneasy now. We will camp a mile below here."

In a few minutes we crossed over and for a precaution walked down the riffles and in the shallow water at the margin of the stream until we came to a brook flowing in between hills about a

hundred feet high. We walked up the brook until we passed around the southern hill and were out of sight of Brush Creek.

"Here we can light up an' cook our meat an' ye kin sleep all night, and no Indian will hurt ye, because it's a sacred spot to them."

"Why is it sacred? I have been over this ground and I saw nothing to mark it from other places. Have they got a meeting house here or a graveyard?"

"Both of them such as they use. Ye were not looking for such places an' so ye did not notice it. But when I have showed it to ye in the morning ye will never forgit it. It's too dark to see it tonight, although we will sleep there. I see ye boys are empty handed an' I must give ye yer supper."

"We had a turkey yesterday but we ate it all."

"I hev enough," Josh replied, taking out of his buckskin pouch a good sized deer ham. We now gathered dry twigs and bark and limbs that are always to be found under old trees, and soon a cheerful fire was blazing surrounded by strips of meat on sticks, the fat sizzling with the heat and sending forth a fragrance delicious to our nostrils.

When a generous supply had been piled on a large piece of bark we sat down with our feet to

the fire and enjoyed our supper. After an hour of rest and talk Josh said we would go to bed. He led us up the hillside to an old oak tree under which we stopped.

"Morris, d'ye see that hole up there? Ye air spryer than I be. If ye'll climb up thar ye'll find some bedclothes that will keep us warm tonight. I sometimes stop here, an' that's my closet, whar I store my bedding."

"That's a jolly good plan, Josh, and it comes handy tonight," I said, as Tom gave me a boost to the lowest limb.

I found three bearskins and some dressed buckskins. I threw down two of the latter, and all the bearskins, and with them we slept dry and warm. We walked along a narrow ridge down towards Brush Creek and then entered a shallow basin about thirty feet wide and three times as long. It was on the edge of the bluff a hundred feet above the water. Large trees grew all about and it was a sheltered cosy spot for a camp.

In the morning Josh made us lie still until he examined our surroundings to know whether any Indians were lurking about. When he called us we looked around with a good deal of curiosity. From the edge of the bluff we could see some dis-

tance over the bottom lands along Brush Creek and then over the trees we could faintly distinguish, like low-lying clouds, some far-distant hill-tops which Josh said were on the Ohio, the highest of course being in Kentucky. It was a very beautiful view. Northeast of us were other lofty hills, many miles away, being, as I afterward learned, the highest peaks in the region named Highland County.

Tom and I did not linger long over the view, for we could see far finer ones any day by climbing the heights along the Ohio river. We turned back and walking along the circular ridge surrounding the hollow in which he had slept, we soon discovered that it was one of those mounds so numerous in Ohio, but so wonderful and perplexing. There were several in Cincinnati, which I had seen, and a number at Marietta of which Massie and Donalson had told us.

This one was oval in form, about one hundred feet long and thirty wide. The soil had been thrown or carried up to form a wall four or five feet high and twelve feet wide. Large trees were growing on the top of it and in the excavated hollow, showing that it must have been thrown up two hundred years or more before we saw it.

"Ye hev not seen the most singular part of it, Morris," said Josh, joining us. "Come this way."

He stepped down through another hollow and up on a similar ridge, and indicated two outlying arms that seemed to enclose the circular mound. We then walked back along the top of the mound, which was of the same size as the circle and ran in graceful undulating folds up towards the higher ground, for a distance of a quarter of a mile, I should say. At the end it wound around in three coils tapering to a small point.

"What do you think of that?" Josh inquired.

"It's a monstrous snake," cried Tom, and I said the same.

"Yes, it's a sarpint, an' I reckon it's the biggest sarpint in the world."

We examined it all along as we returned. That it was not a natural wonder but had been built by men, was a self-evident fact. The trees growing on it proved it was very ancient. When we had returned to the head near the circular mound, we saw that the neck was wider, being about thirty feet across, and then we understood that the two arms were the jaws of the serpent's mouth.

"The round mound is egg shaped, and is meant

for an egg. It's a sarpint with an egg in its mouth."

"Who could have made it? Not the Indians, for they are too everlastingly lazy," Tom asked of Josh.

"I know no more about it than ye. It's my notion that they were a better kind of people than the Indians, who had towns to live in and cultivated the land, and had a higher kind of religious service. They thought a deal of their religion to take all this trouble to build such an earthen image at their meeting place."

"It was a lot of work, and especially when they didn't have wagons or carts to haul dirt in, nor horses to pull them, nor plows to scrape it up. They must have scraped it up with bone hoes and wooden shovels, and carried it in baskets."

"I reckon ye hev guessed right about that, Morris. They had no iron tools, nor animals to help them."

"Why did they make a snake? Why not a higher animal, like a bear, or a deer or a panther?"

"That's another hard question, Morris. And when you once begin to think about it there are many more. But I have read that the snake was considered very intelligent by some nations. The

Bible says the serpent was more subtle than any beast of the field and we read in the New Testament, 'Be ye wise as serpents and harmless as doves.' The Egyptian kings wore a figure of a snake on their caps, and in India they worship serpents."

I looked at Josh in some astonishment, for his uncouth way of talking had given me the impression that he was an uneducated man. But now he seemed to recall his past knowledge and at the same time he expressed it in good language.

"Do you think this old race were snake worshipers?" Tom inquired.

"Not necessarily because they made this figure of a serpent. It may be a representation of a great idea in their religion, their theology. This egg may be meant for the world, but how they came to know the world is round is very strange. The serpent may be meant to represent the Creator giving birth to the world or protecting it by his care."

Tom whistled to show his surprise, for most of the men of that day believed the world was flat. I had suppressed my wonder at the intelligence Josh revealed, but Tom turned around and asked:

"Where in thunder did you learn that, Josh?"

"It's part of the things I used to take an interest in before my troubles fell upon me. Now I guess you boys have seen all there is to be seen up here and you can think about it after you get home. We must git our grub and begin our tramp. I'll take ye home and take the measure of your foot today. Yer parents will be oneasy, Tom, an' Susie will be cryin' her eyes out fer Morris, an' so I'll put ye to an Indian's step today."

So saying, Josh led us down the hill, and there was a fire with meat broiling as on the night before. We ate all the food he had and were hungry still. Then Josh took us down the creek in the water for some distance and after that down the valley of Brush Creek. After going three hours in this way, he told us to rest while he took a shot at a flock of turkeys we could hear in the distance. He returned in a little while with a forty pound gobbler.

"We will rest longer. Ye boys kin pluck and clean it an' I'll strike a fire."

He seemed absorbed in thought and had relapsed into his usual taciturnity; and when he spoke it was in the rude language current among the settlers in the hills of Virginia along the Ohio river. After a silent lunch and more than an

hour's rest, we began our journey again, pushing along the course of Brush Creek until it deflected to the east about twenty miles from the station. Here we turned southwest, winding among the hills and climbing some of the long ridges until night fell and we were still ten miles from our destination.

"Ye hev done well, boys. Ye will larn to keep step with the Indians, if ye take long strides as yer legs grow. We will camp here, but it's not safe to make a fire. We will do like the Indians, make a bark hut to break the wind and lie close to keep warm."

Josh showed a skilful hand at this and with our help soon had a snug shelter. We slept soundly in spite of the cold night. The next morning we took an early start and an hour after sunrise Josh parted with us on the hillside above the station. He declined all our urgent invitations to go in with us and stay awhile, and our request that he would come to visit us.

We did not forget to thank him, and he was touched by our gratitude, and plainly showed that he was glad to know and to be with us.

"I'll see ye agin, boys, some day in the woods.

I must go back to my own ways and watch the Indians. Goodby and good luck to ye."

He waved his hand and was gone. We watched him out of sight and then went down the hill to the station where, after telling our story to our friends, we took up our old home life as usual.

CHAPTER XIII

THE FIRST CAMP BY THE SCIOTO

The excitement produced by our skirmish with Tecumseh and the loss of Samuel Barr and Alexander McIntyre, gradually subsided. We saw no signs of Indians about the station and concluded that they were occupied in watching the larger settlements, or in originating some plans to make forays and overwhelm them.

If they came about our stockade to watch it they always found it so well guarded, that they must have been convinced that any attack on us would cost them dear, and therefore they sought easier prey.

My trip with Kenton had a new and distinct effect upon me. From this time I lost my fear of the Indians. It was nothing like rash presumption that took possession of me, but a firm confidence, that supported me in every hazardous enterprise, enabled me to meet perils with courage, and to endure hardships with fortitude.

Along with this feeling of confidence I had

grown more observant, and able to draw more correct conclusions about what was happening around me, and to form a quicker and better judgment as to what should be done. Therefore, while I was bolder in my feelings, I was at the same time more truly cautious and was better prepared to avoid danger.

This was what Massie had meant by saying that I would get some valuable experience from the expedition, and so would be a stronger member of the company. This union of caution and confidence was the usual characteristic of the frontiersmen. They did not despise danger, but became so accustomed to it as to regard it no more than any other difficulty in their surroundings. An undertaking was, therefore, not to be given up simply because it was dangerous. The hazard was taken into account and provision made to overcome it.

This, then, was the reason why Massie undertook another surveying trip late in the spring, up the bottom lands of the streams northwest of us, toward the Little Miami river, the very region where we had our trouble with Tecumseh. He had received another large package of land warrants from his partners in the East, and wished to locate them and have them out of the way.

I can hardly give you a fair and adequate impression of the confidence Massie inspired in all the men who went out under him. In the first place he was one of the best woodsmen I have ever known. He was never lost in the forest, but always knew where he was, and in what direction and how far he must go to reach any point he desired to make. He seemed to carry a map of the country he never forgot its physical features. He at that day not only were there no accurate maps of Ohio in existence, but such as they were, we had none of them. When Massie had been over a country he never forgot its physical features. He kept in mind the run of the streams and the range of the hills, the extent of the level lands and the location of the swamps.

Massie never needed a compass. On a cloudy or foggy day he was as sure of his direction as when the sun was shining, for he could read at a glance those signs of the forest which told the points of the compass. Then, too, he remembered the direction he was traveling and seldom failed to estimate the distances correctly.

This surveying tour was much like the first one, because we had the same company and for some time met with no unusual incidents. After ex-

ploring the branches of White Oak we crossed over to the Little Miami, and followed General Harmar's old trace, making short excursions to the right, up the streams feeding the river. We had finished the surveys for the warrants in Massie's hands, but as the Indians were not seen we kept on exploring the fertile bottoms of these streams, until we were much farther from our base than we had intended.

One morning, quite early, we had begun our labors for the day, and Massie was in advance leading us along the river not far from where the city of Xenia now stands. William Lytle, coming a few rods behind us, discovered an Indian crouched behind a tree with his gun aimed at Massie. Lytle lifted his own rifle and fired without an instant's pause, and the Indian fell to the ground, dead. Massie jumped to a tree supposing the shot was fired at him, not having perceived the Indian.

After a hasty consultation Jack was sent ahead, while we cautiously followed. On his discovery of a large camp of Indians we quietly withdrew and beat a hurried retreat to our station. The Indians found our traces, and pursued us but did not overtake us on the way, and we reached the protection

of the stockade before they could make any attack upon our party.

That journey was hard on me, for besides my share of the camp baggage, I had two bearskins which, in their green state, weighed several pounds apiece. Jack urged me to throw them away, for the load was too heavy for me in the run we were making. Massie saw me taking them up when we were ready to start about three o'clock the next morning.

"Throw them in White Oak, Morris. You will lag behind and we cannot go slow to keep with you. It would endanger our lives to wait for you if you get behind."

However, I was not willing to do that, and as it was only a day's trip from the station, I hid them in the fork of a tree, blazing the other trees around it. The nearer we came to the station the more anxious we were to save our scalps. We would imagine the Indians were gaining on us, and might be on top of the hill before we reached the bottom, or might go round one side while we ran around the other. We kept our guns in order so we could make a good fight if they overtook us. When night came we kept right on our way, and by do-

ing so reached the station before morning and probably saved our lives.

A month later when Jack went out to hunt I went with him. We ventured on to White Oak, and I brought in my skins in time to save them from being spoiled. I scraped and cleaned them, washing them every day in brain water, until I worked them up into a sound and pliable condition, then in the fall I sold them for a good price.

This summer passed in the usual way, in planting and cultivating corn, clearing land and burning the brush and logs. I was growing, and my muscles were hard and firm. It was my pride and joy that I was given a man's work to do, and that I could do it with ease and increasing skill. Tom came to see me and I visited him. Susie was an efficient housekeeper. The woods supplied us with game and the river with fish, but we got much more out of our life than merely to eat and drink, to work and sleep.

There was always something going on. If it was a hunt there were varied incidents, not only to enliven the day for the hunters, but to give enjoyment to the rest, as they were related by the evening fireside. We were a cheerful set of men and women, cooped up in a small stockade, congenial

in our tastes, and strong in our sympathy for each other. Massie was the ruling spirit, a leader and adviser in every undertaking and, being cheerful himself, ready to encourage any who became low-spirited in a time of hardships or danger.

When winter came on Massie proposed to us to go on an exploring excursion to the Paint Creek and Scioto lands. As this was the region where the Shawnees roamed, and in which were some of their villages, a land they called their own, although they had come here from the south within less than half a century, it took a good bit of courage to assent to his proposal. But we said, "Massie is a good captain. He won't run into danger heedlessly and if we encounter it he will make a good fight for our lives. Let us go."

Massie did not take more than one gang of surveyors, as it was for exploration rather than surveying, that he planned the trip. As he wanted the best hunters and rangers for a guard, he invited Captain Kenton to go with him and to bring some of his best men. Captain Helm came with Kenton and a number of good men whose names I have forgotten.

Fortunately, we did not run across any Indians. Where they were all this time I do not know, but

day after day we went over the southwestern part of what is now Ross County, saw those fine fertile valleys and made some surveys of them.

Most of the time the air was mild and the ground was bare. We could see the quality of the soil, and the splendid timber that grew on it was further proof of its wonderful fertility. I cannot describe my enjoyment of the beautiful scenes along Paint Creek as I saw them for the first time. As we went down the stream, and one charming valley after another opened before us, I thought I had never been in a place of such perfect natural beauty; and I can say now that I have never since beheld, in any of the parks adorned by the art of man, more charming spots than those lovely valleys, where the white tail of the browsing deer was the only sign of life, and where no sound was heard but the murmur of the rippling waters and the sigh of the wind.

One day while we were on Paint Creek I went out alone to hunt, for we had become almost as confident in the heart of the forest as in our own lands. Before I got a deer I was interrupted, and this is the way it happened. Silas Holbrook, one of Kenton's party, was smoking by the campfire.

He rose, knocked the ashes out of his pipe, and stretched his long legs and arms.

"I am getting lazy in this humdrum life; where are the bloody-handed Shawnees? I came with you because I thought we should have a brush with the Indians. I am tired of this. I wish I was at home where we could get up some excitement. This quiet land is deader than a graveyard."

"Don't be too anxious to find the warlike Shawnees," Kenton answered. "This is their country and probably they have villages within thirty miles of us. If one of them should discover us, he might raise an army within a few hours that would give you devilment enough to turn that black head of yours whiter than tow."

"Anything to make a diversion. Morris Patterson is over the other side of that hill. I will make him think I am a Shawnee and scare the life out of him. You will see him running in here like a rabbit, with his red hair standing up so stiff it will raise his coonskin cap off of his head."

"Morris won't scare and you will get a rifle ball in your thigh," Kenton said, and Captain Helm tried to dissuade Holbrook, adding:

"I think it's foolish and cruel to try such tricks."

Holbrook would not listen to reason, and having tied some turkey feathers in his black hair, daubed some of the red clay from the cliffs of Paint Creek* on his cheeks, and wrapped a blanket around his tall form, he stalked off, looking very much like an Indian.

I knew nothing of all this, of course, and without any suspicion of Indians being near was rather more off my guard than I should have been. It had been an hour of quiet enjoyment. The deep silence of the forest, so irksome to Holbrook, was a great charm to me. I stood on the hilltop for some time, and the solemn hush of the woods quieted my spirit after the noisy talk of the camp, and lifted my thoughts above the littleness of my daily life into a perception of something larger and better. One who is of a reflecting spirit cannot be among the mighty trees under the wide

*Along the valley of Paint Creek an oxide of iron is found in the crevices of slate and limestone rocks. This red powder, or clay, was highly prized by the Indians as war paint, and for decorating their faces at their dances. Many parties visited the valley after it was settled, to procure supplies of the clay. The old residents often saw them searching the cliffs near the falls of Paint Creek and on the face of the slate hill known as Copperas Mountain. This deposit gave the name of Paint Creek.

canopy of heaven, without being touched by the sense of the sublimity of this great world in which we live. And from the perception of the sublime it is but a step to the recognition of the Creator of the universe and a desire to know Him.

As I went down the north side of the hill I came upon the fresh tracks of a large buck, and was stooping over examining them when I was startled by a sudden mighty yell behind me, so close that it seemed at my very ear. I leaped to my feet and as I wheeled around, saw an Indian about fifty feet from me. I dashed behind a large oak tree and raised my rifle. My assailant also treed, but his cover was entirely inadequate for his large body, as the tree was not more than a foot in diameter, and I saw that I had a decided advantage.

He began to make all manner of threats in broken English and unintelligible guttural sounds, calling on me to surrender.

"Me kill. Me scalp. O-saw-ba-ma. Me big Shawna. Surrender."

I made no reply but kept my finger on the trigger. I could wound him at any time, but I waited for a better mark. After a few minutes my enemy held out the butt of his gun and cried, "Me surrender."

Of course I thought this was only a trick and as the buck seemed to know a little English I called out, "Throw your gun away, heap away."

The Indian complied.

"Throw your knife, heap away."

The knife flew off by the rifle. This was pretty good and I began to feel elated with the thought of capturing a big Indian.

"Now come out, if you know English, and hold up your hands."

A tall man in Indian dress stepped out saying, "Don't you know me, Morris? I am Silas."

But I did not lower my rifle, and looking along it exclaimed in a harsh voice:

"Halt. I'll see if you are a tricky Indian, or a meaner white man. Say the fours and fives of the multiplication table."

"Put down your gun and stop your nonsense, Morris. You know me, of course."

"I thought I knew a better man named Silas Holbrook. You began this nonsense and you can do what I say, or I'll march you into camp just as you are," I said in an angrier tone still, looking along my rifle barrel. I was thoroughly mad by this time, and as there was no help for it Silas went through his lesson.

"Five times eleven are fifty-five, five times—" and then there was a shout as Kenton and Helm rose up at one side of us.

"Ha-ha—Ha-ha," roared Kenton.

"Well done, Silas," said Captain Helm. "You have Morris well scared. I think I see his coon-cap rising on his hair now."

"So you were in this trick too, were you?" I cried out, getting hot at them all.

"Oh no. We begged Silas not to try to fool you. On honor he's the only one to blame. You have the laugh on him, and he is well paid," and Kenton roared again.

Holbrook was deeply mortified and grew sullen and began to make threats. Kenton told him I had let him off easy and made him shake hands with me. My anger began to subside, and in a little while we were as good friends as ever, which was the way in our frontier life. We had our quarrels but when they were over we did not cherish resentment; we renewed our friendly intercourse.

As I had not secured the deer, which had been frightened off by the noise Holbrook made, Kenton and Helm went off the next morning on a hunt

towards the north fork. On their return, Kenton told Massie he had done some surveying.

"Kentucky way, I suppose. Where was it?"

"Up north of here a few miles. Beyond the two creeks that run east, side by side about a mile apart."

"I know them. We might call them Twin Creeks."

"North of there is a hill I call Porcupine, for we had a fight with one. It's four miles. Then you go down into a valley, and it's a fine one, and it's there I marked off my thousand acres."

"Where is your description?"

"In my head, I had no paper."

In fact Kenton could just manage to scratch his name in a rude way.

"If I get time I will go up there with you and run a survey for you, and you can buy a warrant to cover it."

But when Massie had finished his own work one of the men was sick and Kenton refused to keep us to make the survey for him, but urged us to start for home. He asked me to write off his description, which was a very crude and inaccurate one, you may be sure. He had blazed trees for corners, marking them with three cuts of his

tomahawk, making a rude K. and pacing the distance between them. Massie laughed over his paper and said:

"I don't think Anderson will accept that, but you can try. I will tell the deputies to let your land alone until you can have it properly surveyed and entered."

When Kenton reached home he placed the paper in a chink between the logs of his cabin wall and went off on a scouting trip up the river. Afterwards when he looked for it he could not find it, for the cabin had been freshly daubed in his absence. The surveyors, however, respected his claim to the land and passed it by, and everyone supposed it had been properly entered in his name.

We came home by easy marches and saw no Indians on the whole trip. My little cabin seemed really home to me as I entered it that afternoon. My sister Susie was no longer a little girl. Nearly thirteen and large for her age, strong and capable, with a deep affection for me and real interest in making the home bright and comfortable for us, she made me feel that I had a family to love and support, instead of being alone in the world.

I spent a few days writing for Mr. Massie, and then he went to Louisville to enter up his surveys

and for some time our life was a quiet one. After the hardships of a winter tour it was pleasant to have a roof over my head, to sit at a table with Susie supplied with nice dishes, and to sleep in a comfortable bed with no fear of a savage attack before morning.

CHAPTER XIV

PATHFINDING ON THE SCIOTO

When Mr. Massie returned he told us considerable news. General Anthony Wayne had a large and well drilled army ready to come down the Ohio in a few weeks. He would be able to conquer the Indians and in a short time we should have them in a peaceable state; but in the meantime, President Washington was negotiating with the Indians through the great chief, Brant, and he hoped to have them sign a treaty of peace without a war.

This news was of great importance to us all as it directly affected our safety and prosperity. With the Indians at peace thousands of emigrants would flock to the territory to settle; boats would be coming down the river every day, and, best of all, the Virginians who owned land warrants would come to live in this part of the territory, and we should have plenty of neighbors, and work for all our surveyors.

Massie had such firm faith in the speedy de-

velopment of the territory that he was planning to take advantage of the opportunity to buy up the warrants while they were still cheap. Therefore he soon took a journey to the East to collect all the money due him for surveying, and to sell his lands if possible and raise money to buy more warrants. Others might wait till peace was established if they chose; he had seen the rise of land in Kentucky, and he foresaw the same expansion in our territory.

Our life was not harassed by the Indians for some time. Wayne transported his army down the river and gave them something to do, watching his movements and puzzling over his plans. Most of them, however, were quietly gathering on the Maumee for a general council.

One evening about the middle of April Susie met me as I came in with my ax on my shoulder after a day of chopping on my outlot.

"Mrs. Ellison is worrying about Andrew. He hasn't come home, and she is crying, for she is sure the Indians have got him."

"Did he go up the river to his farm?"

"Yes, he went up after breakfast as usual, taking his dinner in his pouch. It's getting late, and he always comes back before this time."

I saw Mrs. Ellison talking to Nathaniel Beasley, who was the commander of the station while Massie was absent this spring. She was urging him to send out a searching band. I at once offered to go, for the Ellisons had been very kind to Susie and me in our orphan state.

Mr. Beasley, however, was afraid of an ambuscade, which could not be easily discovered in the evening dusk, and would not risk our lives. After a night of anxiety several of us went out early in the morning, and we soon discovered that the Indians had surprised their victim not very far from the station, on his way up the river. His farm was one of those which Mr. Massie had deeded that spring to the original members of the company who built the station. He had given me a deed to one hundred acres on Gift Ridge still farther up the river.

The Indians had caught Andrew and led him to the top of a high, steep hill, where they tied him to a tree, while they spent some time scouting to discover if he was missed and any pursuit made. Satisfied about this they returned, cut the buffalo thong, made him take off his shoes and put on moccasins and then made off with him towards Paint Creek.

We read all this from the signs we discovered, and, after a long consultation, we agreed that the Indians wanted to take him captive, not to kill him, but to get some information out of him about the movements of the army. If we pursued them they would kill him; otherwise they would spare his life, and he might get a chance to escape or to ransom himself through the English officers in the North. We heard nothing more about him for several months. The woods had swallowed him up, and days of anxiety followed nights of sorrow without any tidings to bring relief.

Then one morning in September Andrew came to the gate and had to ask to be admitted before the guard recognized him. When the happy wife and children gave him a chance to tell his story, he said that the Indians had carried him to their village near the Scioto river, and that he ran the gantlet there. Being a large man and not very active he received a terrible beating. As soon as he could travel they took him North, and at Detroit a kind Englishman, named Brent, bought him from the Indians with a blanket. Mr. Brent gave him a good suit of clothes and money for his expenses. He took passage on a sloop for Niagara, and the Captain put him off at the mouth of the

Cuyahoga river. He crossed by land to the Ohio and so down to the station by boat.

Not long after his return Mr. Massie began to organize a large company to locate and survey lands on the Scioto.

"You will have a place for me on this trip, will you not?" I asked him.

"If course I shall. You are becoming necessary to me, Morris. You shall be my flagman and general assistant with the field notes."

"Do you think the Indians are up there now?"

"Since General Wayne's march North the Indians have abandoned their villages and fled to the lakes. That is what McClellan and Kenton and all the spies report. I do not expect to find any Indians near Paint Creek, but I shall take a larger company than I have ever had out, and I think we need not be afraid if we should meet Captain Johnny, or Tecumseh, or even Blue Jacket. But Wayne will cut out their work for them, and they will find out they have to fight a different man from anyone they have yet raised the hatchet against in battle."

"Who will be your deputy?"

"I shall have three: John and Nat Beasley and Peter Lee. Duncan McArthur is going as a chain

man, and if we should have a scrimmage he will be worth six ordinary men."

"How long will you be gone?"

"A full month, at least. We shall have considerable baggage, but we must not take horses to carry it, for if any Indians should be roaming the woods our tracks would easily be discovered. Instead we will go by canoes up the Ohio, and then up the Scioto till we reach Paint."

We found some difficulty in getting enough canoes, so a part of the company marched along the margin of the river, and part paddled up the streams. When we came to the large creeks the canoes carried all across. There were four gangs of seven men each, and two extra guards. The gangs took turns in paddling and walking. In each gang were one hunter, one rear guard, the surveyor, two chain carriers and the rodman who carried the rod or target, besides one man who cut wood for the fire and did the cooking and other little jobs of the camp.

It was October, mild and sunny, the most beautiful month of the year in southern Ohio. How can I describe the delight of those days of canoeing and marching, on that expedition which can never be forgotten while I live! The hills from six hun-

dred to a thousand feet high on each side of the river, forest-crowned, were now like a succession of brilliant pictures. Among the masses of dark green oaks the maples lifted their crimson torches, and hickories and poplars waved their yellow banners, while here and there a gum tree or a blue ash made a rich purple effect.

No human beings brought discord to those peaceful groves. Green paroquets hung in the trees and many birds, gathering for their passage South, filled the woods with music. Frequently a deer lifted his head from the stream as his morning drink was disturbed by our paddles or our laughter, and darted gracefully back to the covert of the hills.

The afternoon sun was hot, but a breeze from the water tempered the air, and the mornings and evenings with their flaming sunrise and sunset clouds and the purple afterglow as the dusk deepened into night, were as a day in Paradise.

It took us nearly a week to reach Paint Creek. Here after carefully concealing our canoes, we lighted our camp fires on a wide prairie, and the sight of that lovely valley was enough to repay us for the labor of our long journey.

Early the next morning we began our work, sur-

veying the rich bottom lands for some distance on the west bank of the Scioto. I was attached to Massie's gang but the flagman of another gang was taken sick and the surveyor requested Massie to let me take his place, so on the third day this transfer was made.

Evening was drawing on, and the chill of the October night, with a north wind that had a touch of frost, gave a spur to my appetite as we approached camp after a hard day's work. Jack and another scout had reported all safe and large fires were blazing, turkeys already dressed were hanging to stakes slowly roasting, while down by the water the most skilful butchers were cutting up a fat bear.

"Morris, make yourself useful. Take this fat to the fire and melt it in the skillet. The boys like to dip their turkey meat in it."

"There's more than one skilletful," I replied, after looking at the leaves of fat. "Jack ought to get a skin ready for it."

"Pete is doing that now."

"What a fine warm fur! Better than we got last spring, Jack."

"The fur is always thicker when the bear is fat."

"What are you doing there?"

"Cleaning these bear paws," Jack answered. "As I killed the bear I chose the feet for my special portion. I'll give you one for breakfast if you never tasted them. I roast them in the hot ashes."

Supper was soon ready and a merry crew we were, sitting around the fires, eating the toothsome game with the hearty appetite of those who were strong and well, and had earned a good supper by hard work.

"Have you got the blues, McArthur?" Jack asked, slapping the big scout on the shoulder, as he sat on a stick of fire wood, soberly looking into the camp-fire.

"Dunc. put so much bear meat under his ribs that he is as dull as a Pawnee."

"Try a wrastle. That will set your blood to running and you'll sleep easier."

"Not tonight, Jack. I am busy."

"You don't look it."

"Well, I am in a way," McArthur said with a pleasant laugh. "I want to think out something that's started in my mind."

"I'll try a fall with you, Jack," said Peter Lee.

While they were tumbling about on the soft sod of the prairie with a ring of eager spectators

around them, Duncan came and sat by me on a log, where I was copying some of the field notes by the firelight.

"Morris, I wish I could figure as easy as you can. You have had better advantages than I and you have improved them well. All my life I have lived on the frontier, and I never saw the inside of a schoolhouse more than one term."

"You are doing fine work as a scout. You protect the settlements along the river and everyone thinks much of you."

"But I see much greater things before me and I want to be fit for them. I want to be a man like Massie, with the knowledge that will fit me to do many kinds of work and to be ready for better positions than a chainman or a scout.

"I have had a vision today. I climbed up on one of those Western hills and I had a grand view of this rich valley. It would be fine to have a house up there sometime when this valley is settled up; and I am going to buy a big farm of Massie. But I saw other things than land and my head is bursting with them."

"What did you see, Duncan?" I asked, prompting him to go on talking.

"As sure as my name is McArthur I saw money,

wealth, power, high office and fame all before me, all waiting for me to take them. If I can get a good deal of this land, I'll have all the rest. It's in me, Morris, and I will use the capacity I have and grow by doing it as other men do. I see the way to begin. I must be a surveyor like Massie and then I'll get the land."

Something Israel Donalson had read me out of his big Bible came into my head, and I could not help saying:

"Duncan, I am afraid the devil took you up on that high mountain and tempted you with your vision."

"Mebbe he did have some hand in it, but I'm not going to sell myself to the devil. I can be honest in my ambition. To come to the point, I want to ask you to teach me what you know and

General Duncan McArthur was born Jan. 14, 1772, in Dutchess County, New York. His parents were Scotch. In 1780 his father moved to the frontier in Pennsylvania and as he was a poor man, Duncan was sent out to work for the neighbors while he was still a boy. He also drove pack horses over the mountains.

In 1790, he joined General Harmar's army in its unfortunate expedition against the Indians. In 1792, he went to Maysville, Kentucky, and was employed in the Salt Works in Western Virginia, having as a companion Joseph Vance, afterwards Governor of Ohio. In 1793 and in 1794, he served as a spy, or ranger, on the Ohio river, guarding the settlements and later the mail packet. In 1796, he joined the party that founded Chillicothe, and worked

I'll pay you fairly for it in skins this winter and, more than that, I'll help you after awhile."

"Oh Dunc., I'll teach you all I can, but it's very little I know and I don't want any pay for it."

"You give me the start and I'll go ahead; and I mean what I say, lad. We are going to have a state here and I shall be at the front, doing things. They can't keep me down, and when I'm in the Legislature or in Congress there will be ways to help you."

"Where do you want to begin," I asked, for I did not see any use in hanging fire by more talk about it.

"I know the three R's but I'm not very swift in them. This finding out the number of acres in a crooked piece of land by drawing some lines across it is more than I can see into just now."

for Massie for a year as a deputy surveyor, receiving in payment one inlot and one outlot and one hundred and fifty acres of land, the property known by the name of Fruit Hill, on which he lived the remainder of his life. He became one of the wealthiest men in Ross County and built an elegant stone mansion at Fruit Hill.

A Major-General of Militia, on the breaking out of the war of 1812, he enlisted as a private, but was soon promoted to be a Colonel, and then a Brigadier-General, and served with distinction throughout the war. In 1822 he was elected to Congress and served two terms. In 1830 he was elected Governor of Ohio, one of the four distinguished men of Chillicothe who have been honored by election to this office. He died in 1839.

I laughed and began with the square, then divided it by a diagonal. This was simple, and my big pupil easily comprehended the measuring of these. From that I went on with the principles of mensuration. It took a good many evenings, but he was quick to perceive the principles, and had a good memory. He was free and shrewd in asking questions and in making observations of our daily work. He also thought over what he had learned, and deduced conclusions from it by his own shrewd mother wit. Before the month was out the chain-bearer was competent to set the compass, and to take notes and to compute small areas.

On that evening of our first lesson Massie had been making entries by another fire, but when the fire was beginning to die down he closed his book and looking up at the stars said:

"It's nearly eight o'clock, boys, for there are the Pleiades above that high mountain over the river. It's time to go to bed."

Large logs were thrown on the fires; then the whole company ranged themselves in single file and followed Nat Beasley, stepping backward until we reached a grove of sycamores a quarter of a mile from the fires. Each mess, or gang, of

men slept together. Two blankets were laid on the ground, and the other five, pinned together with thorns of the honey locust, were drawn over us.

Massie lay with his head to the north. I was next to him and then came Jack Giddings. The four other men lay with their heads to the south, their feet coming to our waists. As we lay spoon fashion, with the blankets doubled over us, we were always warm even in the coldest nights of winter.

Long before daylight I was awake, but Massie would not let me stir. When it grew light enough to tell a man from a bush or a log, he laid his hand on Jack. He and another scout crawled out on opposite sides and away a hundred yards, then rose and circled around our sleeping place and scouted all around the fires. After a little Jack called:

"All safe, Nat."

"Get up, boys, and start the fires."

In an instant the camp was the scene of joyous alacrity. The fires were replenished, and slices of meat impaled on sticks surrounded each bed of coals like a picket fence. The last of our cornmeal made into cakes was baking on slabs of bark.

Meanwhile some of us went down to the river and had a good bath. Jack did not forget his bear paws, and I think I never put a sweeter morsel of meat into my mouth. It was more delicious by far than beaver's tail.

CHAPTER XV

DESERTED IN THE MIRE

At the end of a week we moved our camp up Paint Creek and prepared to make a survey of all the best lands up to the forks. Before we began this I asked Massie to give me my old position.

"Why so, Morris? You are not one to object to hard work or to get into quarrels. What is the trouble?"

"I would rather not say anything," I replied, and Massie, after satisfying himself that I was in earnest, said he would arrange it if he could, although Wade was not well enough to resume his work. Probably he had his own suspicions of my reason for wanting a change, as the rapid work of that gang was exciting remark. He made an examination of the surveys we had finished and found such loose work that he was obliged to reprove the deputy and require him to correct his mistakes.

That evening Mr. Massie explained to us the

system of surveying and dividing the land which had been adopted by the United States.

It was devised by Thomas Hutchins, the Geographer of the United States, who in 1786 set his Jacob's Staff on the Pennsylvania boundary, and ran a line west for forty-two miles. On this line corners were established six miles apart, and seven meridian lines were run south to the Ohio river. These seven ranges were divided into townships six miles square and sub-divided into sections one mile square.*

"That is a fine plan," continued Massie, and as it is so simple and convenient I have no doubt all the lands of the West that belong to Congress will be surveyed in that way. But the system of Kentucky is no system at all. Any authorized surveyor can go where he pleases, begin his survey at any point, and run his lines in any direction without any base line or meridians. If he is hasty and inaccurate, does not mark his corners well, does not measure his angles truly or his distances correctly and honestly, and does not give a clear

*If anyone will look at a section map of the states west of Ohio he will see that this system of surveying devised by Thomas Hutchins has been adopted in all the surveys of the United States since the land in Indiana was laid out for settlement. The state of Maine was also surveyed in the same way.

description, other surveys afterward will conflict with them, and lawsuits will be the largest crops grown out of these lands.

"I do not want the accuracy of my surveys to be questioned, and therefore I am careful to measure the angles truly and to run the lines by them and to get the distances exact, and I must insist on every man who works with me being as careful as I am. There is too much looseness and dishonesty in this whole western land business. There is so much speculation about it that it is bound to breed trouble and inquiry. I shall never shrink from an examination of my work whenever an investigation is made. The better it is known in what manner my business is conducted, the more perfect satisfaction there will be with all I have done."

There was a good deal of talk by the camp-fire that night about the careless surveys made in Kentucky, and the way many of the old pioneers had been cheated out of their land and improvements, because their entries were so defective that they could not clearly establish their claim. Many stories of this kind were told, some of them about Simon Kenton's losses from this cause. The effect of the conversation was excellent and after that

there was no more occasion for complaint about errors or hasty work.

However, there seemed to me to be some ill-will against me in the gang I had left, and especially on the part of the deputy surveyor. At first I chided myself for having such a suspicion of the man, and tried to banish the feeling as unworthy, and to convince myself that it was imaginary on my part. Still, I could not throw overboard the unwelcome notion.

One day in crossing a sluggish creek a little while after my gang had gone over to the camp for dinner, I found myself in a soft spot and, although I tried to pull out, all my efforts were futile and I was slowly sinking to my waist. At first I did not realize that I was in danger, but in less than five minutes I was calling for help at the top of my voice. When I knew that my friends were beyond hearing, I was about as thoroughly scared as I ever was in my life.

I imagined everything, the slow sinking in the mud, death staring me in the face until I was suffocated, or being found by an Indian and tortured or tomahawked, while I could do nothing to save myself. Surely the men would miss me soon and

come back and pull me out. I shouted again louder than before.

How they would laugh at me and I should lose half a day, for I should have to wash out my leggings and dry them while I lay by the fire wrapped in a blanket.

Far off in the valley I saw this deputy crossing the creek and shouted again as loudly as I could. He stopped and looked my way as I repeated my call for help. Then he deliberately went on towards the camp, and although I called him by name and shouted my own name he did not turn nor show that he heard.

I knew that he did both see and hear me, for I saw him start as if he would come my way, before he coolly deserted me in my misfortune and danger. I was disheartened and then very angry, and I began again to use every effort to save my life until Jack and McArthur and Massie came to search for me. The only thing I could think of or do was to lean over with outstretched arms, so that my body might give as much resistance as possible to the treacherous mire that was slowly sucking me down.

I was not mistaken in thinking that as soon as I was missed my friends would search for me. Jack

found me out and in five minutes had the whole gang of six working for my relief. McArthur cut some poplar saplings on the margin of the stream and made a platform on which they worked. It seemed as if my legs were being pulled out of their sockets, but the hold of the mire gradually yielded and I was drawn out.

"I feel as if I was pulled out into a ribbon," I said as the last foot came up from its miry bed.

"If Nat's chain goes to pieces Dunc can reel you up for a tape line," said Jack.

"I am limp enough for it, just now, but when I get some chunks of that tough old bear you brought in yesterday I think they will stiffen me up again."

My clothes were not only wet and nasty but ripped and torn, and it took me all the rest of that day to get them in order again. That night the deputy coolly denied that he had seen or heard me, but most of the company thought he was lying.

After a day or two I made up my mind to overlook the man's cruelty and hatred. I could not believe that he would have left me to perish. He probably thought that I was in no great danger and that my gang would hear me and pull me out.

After that week we worked up Paint to the

north fork and up that branch several miles. All went well, for the weather was good and we had seen no traces of the redskins. One day Massie sent me over to this unfriendly deputy to borrow some paper for field notes. I saw him at a distance from his men, setting his transit, and behind him an Indian stealing from tree to tree to kill the surveyor, who was unconscious of any danger.

I had not brought my gun, and my only weapon was my tomahawk, but I never for a moment thought of letting the churlish man perish unaided. Bounding forward I shouted:

"Indian!"

The deputy started and treed.

"Shout to Bill and Dan up the hill to bring their guns, and then run back and warn Massie."

I waited three minutes until the two men were near enough to save him, and then as the Indian fled I ran back to our line. At once Massie took Jack and McArthur and started to the surveyor's relief, leaving me to collect all the gangs at the camp. We threw out scouts in all directions but no more Indians were seen nor traces of their presence found. Three hours later Massie and the others returned, having chased the red man hard for several miles until he outran them and escaped.

They followed his trail still further and were satisfied he was a solitary hunter and so frightened that he would not dare to return.

We remained still longer, making all the surveys necessary to satisfy the warrants in hand and exploring all the best lands. Our immunity made us bold, and Massie took us on an exploring tour over the Pickaway plains. Here we found the site of many Indian villages; the place where Lord Dunmore had camped in the fall of 1774 and made a treaty with the Indians; and on the west bank of the river Logan's village and cabin, and the great elm* on Congo creek where Logan made his famous speech in a talk with Captain Gibson. Of course, at that time I did not know anything about Logan's speech, but that elm tree would then have created admiration in any man's mind, as it does now.

The most wonderful discovery we made was the remarkable system of ancient mounds on the spot where Circleville now stands.

That was a delightful tour of discovery, in which there was nothing to mar our enjoyment.

*This magnificent tree, still standing, is called Logan's Elm, or Treaty Elm. It is on the Boggs farm, six miles south of Circleville. Its dimensions are: girth, 20 feet; height, 79 feet; spread of branches, diameter, 120 feet.

The deputy seemed to be ashamed of his spirit and conduct, and for the rest of our trip he and I were good friends. When we returned to Paint Creek, we found our canoes where we had hidden them, and walking and canoeing by turns, we leisurely made our way home.

I shall not attempt to describe all the surveying tours we made, although each one had its own special adventures.

Right in the midst of a bitterly cold season the next winter I was out with Massie on the Little Miami. Probably the bitter weather was our best protection. We had a large company and all confidence in our leader, so we went with him cheerfully. We explored all the feeders east of the Little Miami, and then went over to the headwaters of Paint Creek, and in this way we gained a wide and correct knowledge of the lands in the lower part of the Virginia Military District.

When we returned home they told us the story of the Edgington boys going to the Saltlick to hunt and that Asahel had been killed by the Indians there.

CHAPTER XVI

THE ROTTEN LOG

John and Asahel Edgington were among our best hunters and no one dreamed of disaster befalling them, especially as they were joined by Neil Washburn on this trip. They went up to the deerlick, near which is now the famous Treber Tavern, where so many of the great men of the West have eaten Mother Treber's biscuits and drunk her good coffee as they traveled the stage road from Maysville to Pittsburg on the line of Zane's trace.

There was no cabin there in those days of 1793, but the large elm stood near the spring whose brackish waters drew the deer to taste the salty deposit along the margin of the stream. The three men were successful and killed two bears and several deer. They skinned the deer and cut off the hams, but the bears they fleeced, that is, they simply cut the meat loose from the bones and wrapped it up in the skins. As they were ten miles from Manchester they decided to hang up their meat

and skins beyond the reach of the wolves and go back for their horses.

The next morning, early, they started out, each leading a pack horse. When they came near their camp they did not take any precaution to look for Indian signs, but marched straight over the hill, crossed the deerlick branch and prepared to make a fire not far from the spring on the wide bottom. Suddenly some Indians lying in ambush rose up on the ridge beyond and fired upon them, killing Asahel instantly. John was unhurt and fled up the hill until he reached a tree, where he stopped a moment to see what was going to be done next. Two Indians were in pursuit of him, and he raised his gun but could not discharge it, as the powder in the pan got wet when he dashed through the creek.

Five other Indians came along the ridge and joined in the pursuit, but John soon proved himself the match of Indians in a race, and gradually they dropped off one by one until a single runner was after him. This was the blood-thirsty Captain Johnny, a well known Shawnee chief, who had a small band under his command. A few years later he met John McDonald and talked to him about that race. He laughed as he said:

"The white man who run away was a smart man. That white man run and I run, he run and run, at last the white man run clear off from me."

John got home safe and so did Neil, but one of our number was dead and three of our horses were gone. That was a sad time for all of us. John took a strong company out the next day and found his brother's body beheaded, and the head placed in a cedar tree. They dug a grave, and Asahel was buried where he fell.

There was an addition to this affair a few years later. After the Greenville treaty, when the Indians came back to hunt in their old resorts three men came down to the station. Some of the young men gave them firewater and got them to talking about the fights between the white men and the red men. Finally one of them described the killing of Asahel Edgington and boasted about being there and taking part in it. The Indians remained a day or two and at last started off, going west. When they came to Island Creek, two miles above, as they stepped on the log footbridge, out from the dense timber by the side of the creek came a crash of rifle shots. The Indians fell into the creek and their dead bodies were washed out into the Ohio. It was known that John had heard

the story, but no one cared to talk about this late tragedy by which Asahel's death was avenged, so the murder was never investigated and was finally forgotten.

There were a number of such murders committed after peace was established, merely to satisfy feelings of personal revenge. The treaty of Wayne with the Indians wiped out all the old scores on both sides. The hatchet was to be buried so deeply that no one could dig it up again. After that any outrages against persons or property were to be investigated by the proper officers, and punished according to the laws of the United States. All such acts of violence were injurious to the white men as well as to the Indians. They not only exasperated the barbarous savages, but they also perpetuated the lawless spirit among the rougher class of bordermen, which still survives in the West and South and breaks out into barbarous deeds under the name of Lynch law. No act of punitive justice, however necessary or worthy it may appear, can be right, if it is begun and carried out without the sanction of the law of the land, duly administered by the proper officers.

It would weary you to read of all our surveying

expeditions, but let me tell you, little Morris, of one which was broken up when the Indians gave us a long hard run to the station.

It was after Wayne's great battle and we believed all the Indians in the North were afraid to do any more mischief. Late in November of 1794, Massie resolved to make a complete survey of the best lands in the western part of the Virginia Military District. He planned to take a large company and to have his four gangs at work. The same deputies were employed, and Jack Giddings and John McDonald were two of our scouts. McDonald had been with Wayne and he had gained new experiences and had many fresh stories to tell us.*

We went up the Little Miami as far as Tod's Creek, set up our compasses and surveyed all the land to its sources.

Going back to the river we surveyed the lands

*Colonel John McDonald was a son of William McDonald, a Highlander, who moved to Mingo Bottom, on the Ohio side, in 1780. John was born in 1775, in Northumberland County, Pa. When a young man he joined Simon Kenton's company, and received instruction in woodcraft from him. In 1792 he joined Massie's settlement and was engaged in many of his dangerous expeditions. He was boatman, hunter, ranger, and surveyor. In 1794, he joined Wayne's army as a scout, being one of Captain Kibby's company.

He was not one of the tall pioneers, but short in height, heavily

above until we reached the Indian village of Old Chillicothe. The fires were out in the villages and the forests were deserted except by wild animals. Game was plenty, and although our meal and flour were exhausted, we were well supplied by the hunters.

Having finished our work along the Little Miami, we went up Massie's Creek and Cæsar's Creek, east of Old Chillicothe, until we came to the upper waters of Rattlesnake fork of Paint Creek. The ground was now covered with snow from six to ten inches deep, and as our tracks could not be concealed, the scouts redoubled their vigilance in order to guard against a surprise by the Indians.

This was a region we had not visited, and we went on down the slopes that give rise to Rattlesnake with our senses keenly alert to make discoveries of new scenes. But it was Mr. Massie himself who first sighted a notable mark, and it was an unwelcome one. It was only the track of an Indian's moccasin in the snow, but to our company, more than seventy-five miles from our sta-

set, a man of iron muscles, capable of great exertions and endurance. He served in the war of 1812, as paymaster and quartermaster, with the rank of colonel. He was the author of a valuable book of biographical sketches, published in 1838. He died at his home, Poplar Ridge, Ross County, Sept. 11, 1853.

tion, it might mean disaster unless he took prompt measures for safety.

He instantly sent Jack and McDonald to find the Indian camp, and to bring him all the information they could obtain as to the size and business of the band, while he collected all the company and made preparation for attack or retreat as should appear better.

McDonald reported there were ten wigwams and that there was noise enough in the camp for a large company. A fight with them would be very hazardous, and would be a violation of General Wayne's orders to all the settlers to abstain from making forays into the Indian country, and from interfering with his negotiations with the Indians for peace.

Therefore we abandoned the survey, and after a hasty supper we made a rapid retreat due south, keeping it up till midnight.

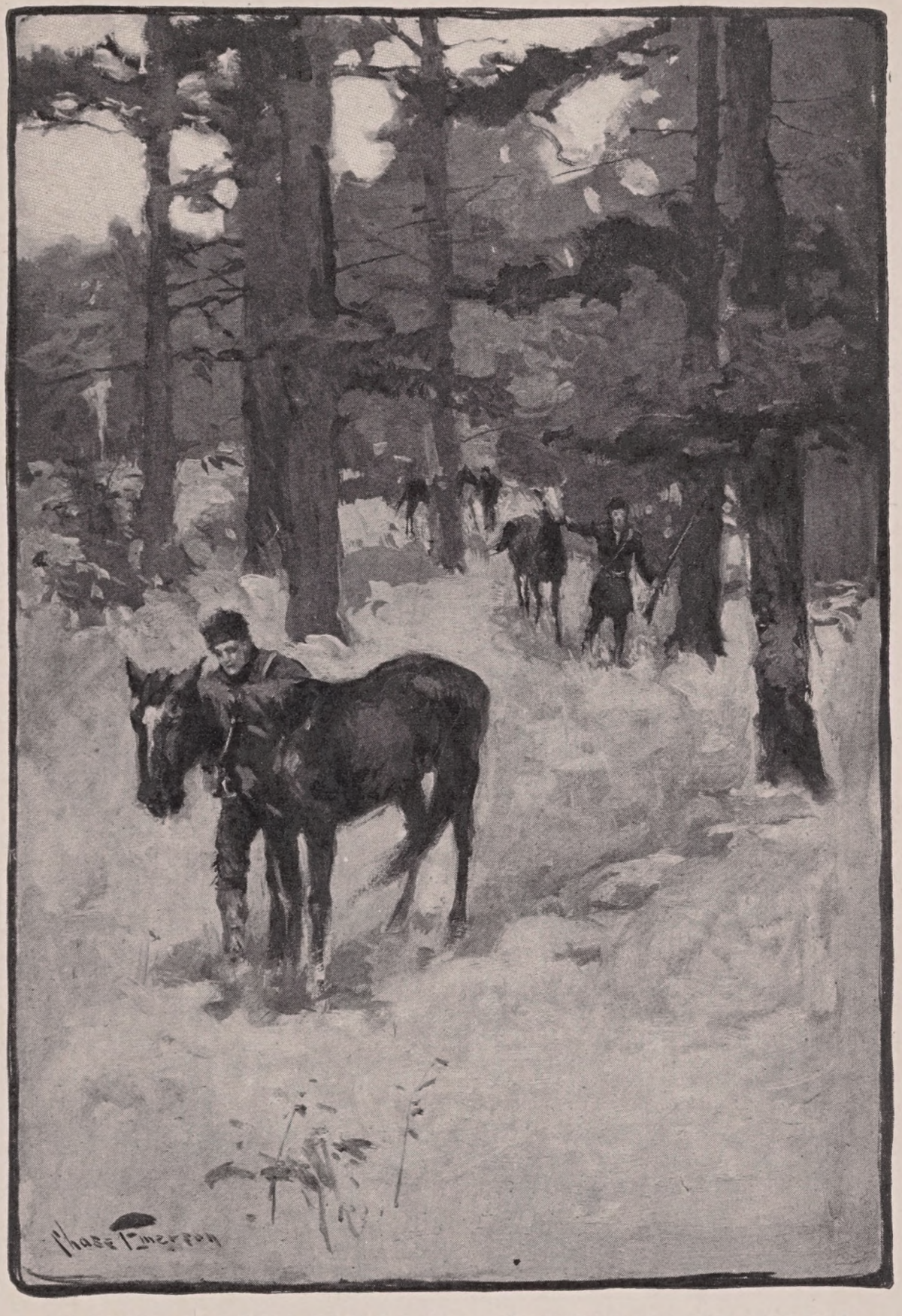
After resting a few hours we rose before daylight, and taking time only to eat a hasty meal, were off again. By noon we were dog-weary, and ready to stop long enough to make a fire and cook a good dinner. We felt pretty safe for we had covered over thirty miles. Soon after we started we crossed a trail going southeast, which indicated

four horses and eight or ten men on foot. A few miles further we struck their trail again leading south, and concluded as they did not know we were behind them that we would follow it.

We saw nothing of them, but when night came and we thought of camping, we almost ran into their camp. Our situation was now a very critical one as we were still a full day's march from the station. These Indians would discover our trail in the morning and giving chase to us, would attack or ambuscade us. If we must fight them it would be far better for us to choose our own time and place. For this reason the majority of the company decided to make an attack at daylight.

McDonald and Jack were detailed to watch the camp and by Massie's permission I went with them. The Indians were off their guard, singing and talking while their supper was cooking. I found the bell-horse some distance away and cut the bell strap. Then we caught all the horses and tied them up near our camp.

Massie approved what we had done and then told McDonald he was sure it was a mistake to defer the attack. He was positive the first band of Indians were on our trail and would come up with us in the night. Then we should be between two



"I FOUND THE BELL-HORSE SOME DISTANCE AWAY AND CUT THE BELL STRAP"

fires and should all be slain or captured. We must deliver our attack and scatter this band and immediately resume our retreat.

"It is all true. We can neither remain here in safety nor hope to escape the combined company of these two bands tomorrow," was McDonald's reply.

The day had been warm enough to melt the snow, but by this time it was again frozen and the crust made it almost impossible to advance without a noise that would betray us. McDonald took the lead and we followed single file, stepping in his tracks, and using our wiping sticks to steady our steps.

When we were close enough for a volley and a rush on the camp we discovered a deep gully between us and it, and we knew we could not get through that without making a good deal of noise. Mr. Massie found a crossing on a fallen tree that spanned the hollow and passed over. My turn came and I crept along. Nat Beasley and Peter Lee were behind me, and then some others came on, too many at once, for the old rotten log without warning broke into two parts and with a crash fell into the yawning abyss.

I went down with the rest, for although I was

near the end and gave a jump I lost my balance, and rolled down the slope, landing on Nat Beasley's stomach and knocking the breath out of him.

The crash startled the Indians, who, up to that instant, were unconscious of danger. Massie called out "Fire!" and the men discharged their rifles. No Indians were killed as far as we could discover, although we found blood in their tracks. They fled and we captured their camp with their arms and ammunition and clothing, making considerable baggage, which we at once loaded up on the four horses. In a very short time we started off, and as rapidly as possible continued our retreat without stopping until daylight, when we took a short rest and had breakfast.

McDonald clapped his hand on my shoulder and asked:

"Was it you who broke our bridge down?"

"I didn't do that for I was at the end. It was Peter Lee. He was in the middle, and if he had not eaten such a big chunk of meat it wouldn't have broken. There was too much weight on it by two pounds."

"Morris is getting even with you, Pete, for telling that story on him about trying to shake down a coon and shaking himself out of the tree."

"Mebbe 'twas my supper broke the log but I reckon 'twas a good thing; for it made such a thundering noise it skeert the redskins worse than McDonald's yell. I don't think they have stopped running yet."

"Let us not drop our caution," said Massie. "In my opinion if they are running it is after us, and I shall not feel safe until I get behind our stockade. Now, boys, let's be up and on our way, and every-one step lively."

Events proved that he was right in his opinion. When about midnight we were near Manchester, Peter discovered that a bag containing some of the Indian plunder had fallen off the horse he was riding, but of course no one returned for it then. In the afternoon Peter and Jack took fresh horses and went back on the trail to find the bag. It was an hour and a half before they came to it, near the top of a hill. After picking it up, they rode on to the summit and found there the trace of a large camp of Indians, the ashes of their fire still warm. Had the red men followed our trail a hundred yards down that hill, they would have discovered the bag and waited in ambush for someone to return for it. That would have been the last day for Jack and Peter. They both realized how narrow their es-

cape was, and Peter added as he told us about it:

"After this I will believe every story of the devilish ingenuity of the Indians in following a trail and going all lengths to have their revenge. I don't feel safe yet. When I go out of the cabin I ketch myself listening for a volley of their guns."

Of course, we were deeply disappointed in having our work interrupted; but Massie thought the Indians would not remain long and that we could try again before the winter was over. We had a few weeks now of quiet home life. I went to chopping and clearing my land and Tom came over and spent two weeks with me, helping me roll up the logs. Then Susie and I went over to see the Andersons, and while she was spinning with Mrs. Anderson we two kept our flails flying on the barn floor until the small stack of wheat was threshed.

When we went home again I spent my evenings in study, having borrowed some books of James Finley, the preacher's son. I was glad to see that Susie took an interest in reading and study, and had her share of that same ambitious spirit which I felt in my own breast. We had no candles and needed none, for the fire in the big fireplace lighted every corner of our one-roomed cabin.

But often Susie would put up her book, throw

her three-legged stool into the corner, and draw out her big wheel and begin to spin. She liked to put her peg in the spokes and set her wheel to flying, and the hum that rose reminded me of the moaning of the distant wind in the forest. Then I would look up from my book and watch her step back three steps, holding the long thread up, and then glide forward to let it wind on the flying spindle. Although her dress was a plain dark-colored linsey-woolsey, to my mind she looked more graceful and handsome than the elegantly dressed maidens of this day, as they move about in the measures of a cotillon.

CHAPTER XVII

THE FIGHT IN THE BEAR'S DEN

Nathaniel Massie was a man whose ability and leadership was recognized in any circle of men in which he found himself. Before he became a surveyor he had been a partner of General James Wilkinson, in manufacturing and shipping salt from Virginia to the settlements on the lower Ohio. It was not difficult, therefore, for him to keep himself posted as to the progress of the war with the Indians, and the ensuing negotiations which finally resulted in the treaty of peace with them at Greenville. He had also ascertained fully the intentions of the government to put an end to the harassing and ravaging of the settlements by the Indians.

Knowing that the Indians were secretly negotiating with General Wayne, Massie concluded that there would be little danger of being interrupted by them in surveying along the Scioto. He wished to complete the surveys he had begun in the fall of 1793, to go over the region on the head waters of

the streams that feed Paint Creek, and to finish the work that had been interrupted in December of 1794.

However, he took with him a strong company, the same deputy surveyors and many of their assistants who had been with him in December. By this time he knew the men on whom he could rely for both hard and accurate work, and whose courage would not fail if there was a brush with the enemy. Jack Giddings and John McDonald were again employed as scouts and Duncan McArthur was in one of the surveyor's gangs.

As soon as I learned of his plan I asked Mr. Massie for a place as one of the deputy surveyors.

Massie looked at me in some astonishment and seemed inclined to laugh at my vaulting ambition.

"You are not a regular surveyor, are you, my lad? When were you sworn in and licensed?"

"I will go down to Louisville at once and have Colonel Anderson examine me and swear me in."

"But you have no instruments. Where will you get a Jacob's Staff and chain?"

"I know where I can hire one for the trip in Kentucky. And if I make enough money this year I shall buy me a good compass."

"Then you will set up for a surveyor and cut

into my business. And McArthur is another rival in the trade. Verily, I believe in helping such smart young fellows, I am robbing myself."

"There will soon be more work to be done than all the surveyors here can do. When those one hundred thousand people, that you talk about, move into Ohio, we can all get rich surveying their farms for them."

"You are stopping my mouth with my own arguments, Morris. You will not be a boy much longer. How old are you now?"

"I am seventeen, sir."

"You know enough and have had sufficient experience to have the place, but yet it is not best for me to put you in charge of a gang."

My spirits fell considerably, as Massie said this, but he continued:

"I will tell you my reason frankly and also that I wish I could do as you request. It is not because you would not do the surveying well, but to place as young a person as you at the head of a gang would bring discord into the company. The men of the gang would not like to take orders from a boy, as they would call you, and the other deputies would resent being placed on an equality with you. These western men are very independent in their feel-

ings, and take offense very easily. Anything like an infringement of their rights, or privileges, or dignity, they are quick to perceive and to resent. I am obliged to regard that in organizing my companies and in exercising authority over them. There is a great deal in the way such matters are arranged and carried out. I am sure you understand this, Morris."

"Yes, I know it, Mr. Massie. It is wonderful, how you get these men to work for you, and the easy way you have of maintaining the necessary discipline by your personal influence over them."

"You have earned promotion and I will give it to you in another way. You are becoming valuable and necessary to me by your diligence in studying out all the details of this business. You shall help me at anything I put into your hands and a great deal of the mapping and computation I will leave to you. I will give you better wages than the last trip, and if you wish you can take your pay in land in a good location.

I agreed readily to this proposition for it was not difficult to see that giving me a compass might make trouble in the company. Then Massie's business was growing so large and so complicated, that he needed someone to assist him in his writing, and

to help him keep all these tangled affairs straight.

When we started, about the first of March, there was good weather and a prospect of an early spring. The warmth brought the bears out of their winter sleeping places and gave us a good deal of sport as well as plenty of meat.

On the upper waters of Brush Creek, where we stopped for a few days to survey, Jack told me he had found a bear's stepping place a quarter of a mile below the camp.

"Get Massie to let you off for an hour or two in the morning and you will have some fun, and if you kill the bear you can have the pelt."

In the early spring the bears wake up, and, being thirsty, come out of their holes or caves, and go down to the nearest water for a drink. If the ground is soft they step in their tracks when they return, and these get deeper every time, so are called the bear's stepping places.

Massie gave his hearty consent to my joining the hunters that morning. We easily followed the steps of the bear up from the creek, and found they ended at the foot of a great oak tree, on which the claw marks showed that the beast had been out the day before. There was not a limb lower than forty feet and it was twenty feet still higher to the

broken limb where the bear entered the hollow trunk.

"How will you get up, Jack?"

"I could skin up, but if the bear should take after me in a hurry I might get a bad fall. It wouldn't hurt the bear to fall but it would break my legs or may be my neck."

"We shall have to fell one of these younger trees," said McDonald. "It will take half an hour to do that. We will tie the horse out of range of the fall, and go to work."

The axes were soon plying, and when McDonald and I had cut a third through on the farthest side, Jack took the ax and began on the other side. His regular and even cuts, and careful calculation, made the tree lodge in the crotch of the bear tree. We thought the jar of the collision would waken the beast and bring him out, but after a few minutes Jack climbed up with a long pole.

He tried to rouse the bear by poking it down into his nest, but could not reach the bottom, for the hollow was too deep. Mr. McDonald and I prepared a torch and I carried it up to Jack and held it while he fired it. Then when it was well ablaze Jack swung it around his head a few times, while

I went down. I took up my gun and Jack dropped the torch down the hole.

"Waked him up that time. He's climbing out, growling like he was fighting mad. Are you ready? If you miss him we'll have a savage fight with him."

Jack dropped from limb to limb and was nearly down when the bear crawled out, and stood there a moment to look for his enemies.

"First shot, Morris; blaze away," McDonald called out. My ball struck him in the side and ranged forward, piercing a vital part, and the bear came tumbling and crashing through the limbs of the smaller tree. Before he could rouse up to do any mischief a blow of the ax finished him. We loaded him onto the horse and I went off to my surveying duties.

We did not remain long on Brush Creek but went north to Rocky Fork of Paint Creek, working down the stream. The days were mild and our survey went forward rapidly. I worked hard to keep pace with the men, copying out their hurried field notes and mapping out the surveys for each warrant. When this was completed Massie let me go on a hunt with Jack, for it was all the hunters

could do to supply the camp with meat from day to day.

We secured two deer, and in following a third I was separated from my companion. When I had reached the feeding ground, I had to make a wide circuit, for the wind was carrying my scent straight to the deer. I crawled up a little branch, found my game within fair shot and killed it, a large buck. After bleeding it I drew it up into a beech tree out of reach of wolves, and started back to find Jack and the horse.

In some manner I missed him and came out on Rocky Fork near Rapid Forge Mountain. Massie had spoken of the wonders of the narrow gorge, through which, for over two miles, Rocky Fork descends. As it was only the middle of the morning, I determined to explore the region, and see these strange and beautiful places. I knew very well where I was, and that a walk of an hour and a half up stream would bring me to our camp.

I found a narrow margin of gravel and stones, that had fallen from the rocks above at the foot of the precipitous cliffs, which are about ninety feet high. In several places the opposite cliffs were so close to each other that a tall tree would have made a bridge across the chasm. The high waters had

worn them away in some places, where perhaps the rocks were softer, or the action of frost had split the stones, making dark recesses and dismal looking dens. Little streams came in from both sides through narrow defiles across which one might almost jump.

There were strange fountains of waters, some of which were salty to the taste, but mixed with other mineral solutions. One bright green spring tasted and smelled like rotten eggs, and another flowing from a basin stained yellow had a strong iron flavor. Not knowing much about the secrets of nature, and having some of the superstition that was much more common then than now, I began to feel a bit afraid of I knew not what. Everything looked strange and uncanny, and I thought perhaps I was getting into the Devil's workshop and might drink some poisonous compound he was brewing underneath, so I abstained from tasting any more of these untried waters.

After awhile I came to the deep pool which is now called Mussett's Hole. Here the walls of the high, overshadowing cliffs went straight down to the water's edge, and the northern one made a sharp turn across the course of the stream, so that I seemed to be looking into an immense cistern of

unknown depth, where large fishes were darting about. In one place a few red cedar trees had taken root and there, around the spot, a bank had formed.

At the upper end was a defile that gave easy approach from both sides of the creek, and the water flowed noisily into the pool over a shallow rocky bed. Plainly here was an ancient Indian crossing-place and the path by which the deer came down to some of the saltlicks, for on looking about I found the ashes of camp-fires and the charred bones of many animals.

As I went on I came to a large arched window in the rocky wall, through which poured a small stream forming a beautiful waterfall. I climbed up the steep rocks and framed by the opening saw a wild romantic glen, in whose sides were grottos and small caves, and beyond these a natural bridge of rock from cliff to cliff.

In the entrance to one of these small caves a shining object on the floor caught my eye, and stooping over I picked up a rude awl set in a bone handle on which were the letters J. W. and a rude drawing of an eye. I studied over this implement of man's handicraft more than over the wonderful works of nature all about me. I remembered that

Joshua had one similar to this, but there was no carving of letters or symbols on the one he was using. Still the open eye, the symbol of eternal vigilance, seemed suited to his character, so I suspected that this might belong to my hermit friend. I wondered if he had a lodge in one of these caves and peered into them all, shouting his name, in the hope that I might find him.

It would take many pages to describe all the new and curious things which I saw that morning, as well as those which I have since found in that most interesting locality. I made a torch and explored one large cavern; but other rooms opened from it, and a number of passages led off in various directions, so I was afraid of becoming bewildered and getting lost in these underground rooms, and being unable to find my way out again. Therefore I did not attempt to enter several caves I discovered. As I wandered eastward I came to another branch and in the soft soil around a spring found the stepping places of a bear. These I traced up to the rocky slope and by careful examination followed the trail to the mouth of the large cave.

After looking at the priming of my gun I stood inside the entrance and tried to make out as far as I could in the gloom of the dark cavern, its size and

what was in there. I could see very little and I imagined it was a large room for none of the walls were visible. I seemed to be looking into some abyss of infinite blackness. I was afraid to move forward lest I should fall into a deep hole and perish there of starvation or be devoured by wild beasts. Then came a noise of scratching and slipping at my left, as if some beast were scrambling down the rocky sides of the cave.

At the very moment I backed out a big bear came into view. I instantly fired, and the shaggy brute fell on his side and lay still. The reverberation of the sound of my rifle was almost deafening and if there were other wild animals within they must have been awakened by the noise, so I stepped away and hastily reloaded.

Again I entered, peering about with the intention of dragging the bear outside if he was dead, but had hardly touched him when there came a savage growl very close at my right, and I had only time to turn when a thin, ragged looking she bear rose on her hind feet to clasp me in a fatal embrace. I raised my gun and fired, but although badly hurt she was not disabled, and only the more enraged by her wound. As she rose with a growl and rushed upon me I clubbed my gun and struck her, but

without much effect, for she gave me a blow with one of her great paws, knocking the gun from my hands and almost breaking my left arm. I jumped backwards, but she was as quick as I and crushed me in her great paws. I was like a baby in the grasp of a giant, the breath was squeezed out of me and if she had not relaxed her hold a little, I should never have seen the light of the sun again.

I snatched my knife from its sheath, and as her grasp loosened thrust the knife into her open mouth giving it a turn that made her roar with pain and release me. This was my chance and I jumped backward, preparing for the next rush. She gave me a sweeping blow that tore my hunting shirt into rags and raked my left side into long wounds and deep scratches from shoulder to belt, while the blood began to pour out like water. I tried to avoid a second hug and slashed at her with my remaining strength but could not reach a vital part. She was fighting for her life even as I was, and in every point she had the advantage. The loss of blood was weakening me, and I felt sure that in a short time she would knock me over and tear me to pieces.

Although my case was so desperate I struggled on, nerving myself to greater efforts to disable her

so that I could escape with my life. Then she rose again on her hind feet and fought with both paws at once. Throwing them around me and knocking the knife from my hand, she gave me another of her deadly embraces.

CHAPTER XVIII

I MEET AN OLD FRIEND

Although my last hour, my last moments, seemed to have come, I did not lose my wits. In fact my brain was working with lightning rapidity and many things forgotten for years came now in throngs. I thought of Susie and my promise to my dead father to support the family, and here I was foolishly throwing my life away in a den of wild animals.

The most persistent thought, however, was: "What will Massie and Mr. McDonald and Jack think of me?" and I determined that if I must die, I would die game. When the bear rushed on me that last time I threw up my arms to keep them free and grasped her shaggy throat with all my strength, choking her so effectually that she let go her hold on me and I jumped out of her reach. I should have been glad to rush out of the cave, but in our tussle we had worked around near the entrance so that my enemy was between me and lib-

erty, and, fiercely growling, stood ready for another rush.

Though I could not find my gun in the dim light, my knife was near me and I seized it. The bear was watching and rose on her hind feet, but at that instant there was a blaze of light and the crash of a rifle at the entrance, and she tottered and fell on her side.

"Keep away from her. She isn't dead yet," someone shouted.

I searched the stony floor and being so fortunate as to find my gun and powder horn, at once reloaded. Then I discovered the flint was gone, but as my pouch was still hanging to my belt another was soon in place. The bear was growling with rage and trying to scramble to her feet. I drew my trusty rifle to my shoulder, but before I touched the trigger, the same voice called out:

"Be ye going to shoot, Morris?"

"Yes, I'm on the trigger. Who are you?"

"Shoot just behind the shoulder."

I stepped so close to my enemy that the blaze of the powder scorched her hair, but the shot finished her and her head dropped to the floor. Then I hurriedly stepped around her out into the light, for my strength was now failing. A tall, red-

haired man, slender and wiry, clothed in hunter's garb, was ramming down a bullet that had stuck in his rifle.

"Josh!" I exclaimed. "Once more in the nick of time you have come to save my life."

"Ay, my lad, God brought me here in time to help ye again. But from the looks of ye thar wan't much time to spare. The bar has pooty nigh raked the insides out o' ye. Here, boy, ye lie down," he said soothingly, as he caught me on the point of falling.

"I feel very weak. I've lost some blood."

"Pints of it, I reckon. Lay there till I get ye some of my bitters."

From the pouch at his side, Josh drew a flask and put it to my mouth. The dose of hot, bitter stimulant almost strangled me, but the fiery liquid made my sluggish heart begin its work again, and I felt my strength coming back to me. Then Josh rubbed some healing ointment on my wounds, cut off some strips of buckskin, and tied bandages around me that stopped the bleeding. Neither he nor I had any linen, for all our clothing was of buckskin.

"How did you find me, Josh?"

"I hev watched yer surveying party frequent.

This morning I ketched on yer trail at the mountain an' follered ye, fer I was fearsome ye might git lost in one of these big holes, an' wander around in the inside of the earth till ye starved to death."

"I would like to thank you, but I don't know how to do it as it ought to be said. This is the third time, you know."

"Never mind. I want no thanks, Morris, so say no more about it. How be ye feeling now?"

"My head feels queer, so light and dizzy."

"Take another pull at the bitters. It's made of hullsome yarbs with jest a little spirits in it."

I tried it again, but it was hard to swallow and made me cough. However, I felt better, and said, "I must be going back to camp. " My friend would not consent to this.

"Ye're too weak for so long a tramp. I will carry word to the camp. Ye must hev those scratches bound up, and a new shirt to wear. Ye're all rags now. We shall hev a change of weather in a few days, an' ye'll take cold in those wounds and die of newmony. I would make ye one, but I had the bad luck to lose my awl, and I can't sew it up till I make a bone awl."

"I found one this morning which I thought was

yours. It is marked J. W. and has an eye carved on it."

"That's mine. Where is it?"

"It must have fallen out of my belt when the bear was hugging me in the cave. If we look there we may find it. We ought to explore the place and bring our bears out."

Josh made and lighted a torch and I tottered along behind him. Three cubs were standing by their old mother, smelling the dead body. Leaving them we looked at the other carcass, then around the lofty room, which was adorned with strange forms and columns, and stone icicles hanging from the roof. Near the entrance I saw the awl and handed it to Josh.

"Why have you carved J. W. on it? You told me your name was Bowman."

In a moment I saw that my curiosity had hurt my friend, and I laid my hand on his arm saying:

"Never mind. Tell me only what you like. I don't need to know your past to trust you."

"Sometime, Morris, I will tell ye all my history. I'm powerful glad to git this agin, an' tonight I'll make ye a warm shirt that'll keep ye dry in the

next storm. Look in here. We mought find more beasts in these other holes."

We did not explore them far, as our torch was burning out. In one we found ashes where perhaps the Indians had made a fire. The air was very dry and bracing and I thought it would be fine to sleep there. On a ledge above my head I discovered a bundle, and knocked it down with the muzzle of my gun. It was dark blue calico rolled up, and when I eagerly unwrapped it we found it was a woman's dress.

"This is the very thing to bind up yer scratches," Josh said, holding it up to find a place to tear off a bandage. But instead of doing that he held it near the torch and began to examine the sleeve, smoothing tenderly an odd-shaped patch of brown linsey. As I looked at him in surprise I saw the tears standing in his eyes, and his face was working as he tried to calm some great excitement of his tender heart.

"What is this, Joshua?"

For a moment he did not reply. Then he brushed away the tears.

"My wife's dress," he said in a husky voice. "She had it on the day the Indians killed her. That is the stain of her blood."

"Oh Josh. I'm so sorry for you," was all I could say when he made this astonishing reply. I understood now the reason why he had left the settlements and spent his life in the forest, hunting the savages who had inflicted this great loss upon him. I wanted to tell him how sorry I felt.

"It's a satisfaction to you to find the dress, although it brings your sorrow fresh to your memory again. I am as sorry for you as I can be. I ought to know something about your feelings, for the wicked fiends killed my father, and my mother died of grief when I told her of it. I have only Susie left."

"They killed all my own and most of my father's family. My wife and baby were murdered in cold blood. We are companions in misery, Morris, and I will tell you all about it. Perhaps it will be a relief to me to unburden my heart of its sorrow, and to have the comfort of your sympathy. But let us go out of the cave before our torch burns out and leaves us in darkness."

How strange it was. Once again Joshua dropped the careless, uncouth speech, current among some of the ruder people of the West, and talked with the ease and grace of a man used to good society. As we went along he turned the

bears on their backs, saying that no wild beast would disturb them while their paws were up in the air in that position. He kindled a fire in the glen from his torch, and taking some vension from his pouch placed it on sharpened sticks before the fire to warm for our dinner, then sat down beside me for a few moments in silence.

CHAPTER XIX

JOSH TELLS HIS STORY

"I lived in Virginia, where or when it does not matter. When I was seventeen years old I fought for a year under General Washington and was severely wounded at the battle of Brandywine. My father took me home as soon as I was strong enough to be carried over the rough mountain roads, and there I was tenderly cared for until my wound had healed and my strength returned.

"In a neighbor's family was a kind, gentle, industrious and loving daughter one year younger than myself. She had several suitors, one of whom was a Tory, a man of wealth and position, who was determined to marry her, but with her noble and kind nature she gave her heart to the young wounded soldier. When I recovered my health we were married.

"The other young men who had wanted her acquiesced in her choice and came to the wedding and infare with their hearty congratulations, ex-

cept this Tory alone. He grew very angry at my wife and at me because of my success. All his former love turned to hatred and he became my mortal enemy. Not long after this he went to Canada, deserting to the British, and was made a leader among the Indians against the Western settlements.

"Near my father's double log house where my parents, two young brothers and a married sister lived, I built a small cabin, and there I enjoyed such happiness as few know this side of Heaven. Into our Eden came a horde of red devils, led by this double-dyed fiend, fit only for the lowest pit where I sent him one year later to keep company with his Master.

"We were out of meal and it was my turn to go to mill. I left my brother-in-law and the two boys with my father to guard the home in my absence. Soon after I had gone with the corn on our two horses, a boy came running in to tell us his father had been crushed by a tree falling on him, so Jack went over to their cabin to help get him home. The only thing he could do was to dig the ground away and draw him from beneath the tree, which was too heavy to lift away. All this took time, just when Jack was needed most at his own home.

When I returned late in the afternoon I found him sitting in despair by the smoking logs of our cabins, and on the grass lay the dead bodies of all our dear ones, except my youngest brother, and my baby Caroline.

"Can you imagine my feelings when I raised my mother's head from a pool of blood, and saw that her beautiful gray hair had been savagely cut from the head by scalping? Or when I saw my father's dead hands still clutching the weapon with which he had tried to defend his family? Or when I found my sister's and my wife's dead bodies a hundred yards away where they had been maltreated? Or when I searched in vain for my baby, and knew at last she had been carried away by such wicked fiends?

"I did not stop long to mourn. Jack went one way and I another through the country, and by morning light we had raised a company of horsemen and were on the trail. The Indian band was a large one, and as we followed on their tracks we knew that their leader was a white man. My suspicion was confirmed by all the facts we gathered as we followed, and when we caught up with the band we recognized him. They were opposite the mouth of the Hocking, preparing to cross the Ohio.

All the courage of my neighbors oozed out. They declared we were too few to make an attack, that if we did we would certainly be defeated and many of us slain.

"I begged and entreated them to make a dash at the enemy, but in vain. Then I reproached them till they grew angry at me, and so I became estranged from them. I could live there no longer in sight of the places where I had been so happy, and among men who were too cowardly to help me in my hour of need. So after my dear ones had been buried, I came away to hunt for my enemies, and to avenge my wrongs."

Joshua stopped speaking and shaded his face with his hand. After a moment or two of respectful silence, I said:

"It is almost too horrible to believe, if a stranger had told me, and if I did not know that such horrors had been inflicted on many families in the West. Did you ever learn what became of your baby, or your brother?"

"She is dead. Happily she was killed also, and went to her mother. I heard her crying as one of the canoes was in the middle of the river, and I saw a brutal Indian strike her with his paddle and then throw her body into the water. It floated a

few minutes and then disappeared and was never found, although I searched both banks for miles."

"And your brother, how old was he?"

"Oh, Eben was eleven years old. I never heard from him and I suppose he is still among the Indians."

He put his hands to his head, and I noticed how red his face had become.

"It sets my brain on fire to think of it, and all their sufferings. But they have been avenged a hundred fold."

He smoothed the old worn dress and then put it to his lips. What a tragedy had been unfolded in the finding of this old gown! The depravity of the crime, the depth of the sorrow, and the fearfulness of the revenge were too grave for any expression from a boy like me and I could say nothing. After awhile Josh rose, took down the sticks on which the meat was beginning to scorch, and set a generous supply before me.

"Eat your dinner, Morris. It's after the noon hour an' ye must be hungry."

I was very hungry and made a good dinner, but Josh would eat nothing. He talked but little and dropped back into his usual ways and manner of speech. When I was done eating he took the dress

and held it up to measure the length of a bandage around my chest, but I would not permit him to make such a use of it.

"Do not tear it, Josh. Keep it as it is. It is too sacred to use for me."

"Julia was kind-hearted to everybody and always ready to help a body in trouble. I kind o' thought she would like to hev ye use a part of it to bind up yer bad scratches."

"Perhaps she would, but I won't let you do it, for it's all you have of hers now. Keep it, Josh. Take good care of it, as a sacred keepsake."

Seeing that he was pleased, I added:

"Let us look in that side cave again, for maybe the man who hid the dress hid other things there."

He made another torch and I pulled myself up and followed him slowly, for my left side was paining me very much, and I felt stiff and sore all over my body. Josh knocked down a loose stone on another projecting rock, and found a man's coat and linen hunting shirt behind it. As the band returned from its raid, some Shawnee had probably stolen them from another, and hidden them here, never returning to get them.

The cubs were still playing around their dead mother. Josh said it would be cruel to leave them

to starve there, and that they should be killed, but I suggested taking them back to our camp where they might amuse our men and we could kill them when we ran out of meat. So we left them until we could carry them away.

"Will yer men be searchin' fer ye today?"

"Jack and McDonald will come to look for me before night if I do not come in soon. I must go back to camp."

"Ye'll stay right here till I make ye a shirt, fer ye'll need it. We shall have a change in the weather an' it will be a ripsnorter, an' ye would take cold in yer wounds an' never get back to yer sister Susie. I'll go to camp and tell them ye will be there tomorrer."

He went away soon after, and while he was gone I slept by the fire. It must have been three hours later when I heard him dragging some wood down the little glen.

"Who did you see at camp?"

"I saw several of yer men not fur away."

"What did they say?"

"Nothin'."

"Nothing. That's strange. Did you tell them I was hurt by a bear?"

"No, I didn't talk to none of 'em. I slipped in

quietlike an' none of 'em suspicioned I was there. I put a paper in a split stick, and stuck it in the ground by the fire."

"What did you write on it? Where did you get paper and pen and ink?" I asked, much interested in Josh's way of managing to take the word without being seen.

"I told Massie ye was hurt by a b'ar, an' in the morning to foller the trail I left from the mountain to this holler."

Josh now unrolled two beautiful doe skins as soft as wool, and began to cut out a shirt for me. He built up a large fire and we had some bear steak for supper. Then he went on with his work, and I dropped asleep as he was sewing. When I woke up about dawn the hermit was still at work. He cut the fringe around the yoke and down the side seams, and after a while held up the nicest shirt I had ever seen. The seams were sewed up with deer sinews.

"It's a beauty, Josh, and as warm and snug as wool. I am so glad to have it, and I thank you over and over for your trouble in making it."

"When the weather turns ye'll be warm an' keep well."

Soon after this I heard the sound of horses up the glen, and then Jack's voice. I turned to speak to Josh but he was gone.

CHAPTER XX

STARVATION CAMP

Jack gave a shout as he saw me and I answered his hail, waving my hand to him, and then ran up the slope to the highest point to look for my friend. No human being was in sight except Jack, and no sound could be heard save the beat of the horses' hoofs on the gravel banks. My side was in great pain from my exertion, still I ran down the slope and peered into the dark cavern, calling Josh to come back, but all efforts were vain. Josh had vanished again, as he had when I first met him four years before.

I could not bear to have this strange benefactor flee from human kind and go back to his solitary life. I knew that my friends in the camp would give him a warm welcome, and would soon become his friends, if he would but give them the opportunity of knowing him. Massie would find a place for him at the station and give him work there, and he would soon become a useful member of society. My own feeling of gratitude to him made

me anxious to bring him back into the comfort and friendliness of human society; and that was a much stronger sentiment then than it is now in our cities and villages; for in our stations we were bound together with almost a brother's love for one another. Deeply disappointed in my search, I ran up the glen and called to Jack:

"Where's Josh gone? Did you see him? Which way did he go?"

Jack stared at me in amazement.

"Are you losing your wits? What luny questions you are asking! Who is Josh?"

"Josh! He saved my life. He shot a bear that was killing me. He went to camp yesterday to tell you I was here. He lives by himself in the woods, and as soon as he saw you coming he slipped away and I can't find him."

"I'm sorry you have lost him and I can see how you would feel bad about it," Jack replied in a sympathetic way.

"You look as if you had been in pretty considerable of a scrimmage with some wild beast. Are you hurt much, boy?"

"I'm scratched deep from my shoulder to my belt on my left side and my arms are black and blue."

"And that black eye. How did you get that?"

"When I fell on the stone floor in the cave, when I made the bear let go of me by choking her."

"Oh, it was a she bear in a cave, was it? Well you can tell me about it."

Then we sat down and I told him all about the fight and Josh coming in the nick of time to my relief. His curiosity was all excited about the caves and he was for exploring them at once, but I had eaten nothing that morning and was feeling quite hungry and weak, so I made him wait until we had built up the fire and set some bear's meat by the coals to broil. Then we each made a torch and spent some time in the cave until Jack was satisfied. I had hoped we might discover Josh in one of the recesses, but if he was in there he had so cleverly hidden from us that we did not find him.

As we were in the cavern where the dress had been found I was on the point of telling Jack about it, but when I thought of the reluctance of Josh to speak of his past misfortunes, it seemed like a violation of his confidence for me to relate them without his consent, therefore I said nothing about it but told Jack of our finding the old coat and shirt.

We dragged the two bears out into the open air where Jack skinned the bodies and cut off the best parts of the meat. Then he made pouches of the skins into which we put the cubs. This took so much time that the middle of the morning had passed before we had loaded the horses and started back to camp. Jack wanted very much to explore some of the other caves, but as he thought he ought to get to camp before dinner there was no time for it. We went back as near the gorge as we could, and I showed him the pool, and the arched window and some other of the most wonderful parts.

I told John McDonald a little about Josh, and asked him if he knew who the hermit was. He said his misfortunes were much like those of James Maxwell, whom the Indians called "the soft stepper." He had been gone a year and wrought a terrible work of revenge so that the Indians were all afraid of him. But Maxwell returned home, and was now a scout in Wayne's army. For this reason it could not be he who had befriended me.

The next day we broke up our camp and went to North Fork of Paint Creek, where, finding the villages deserted and the country clear, we went into camp four miles north of Old Town, which is now called Frankfort.

Hardly had we built our evening camp-fire when we began to realize that Josh's prediction of a change of weather was about to come true. All day the clouds had stretched in long hazy veils across the sky. As evening drew on the sun went down behind a low line of dark gray clouds, and a few hours later the snow began to fall. In the morning there was a heavy coverlet of a foot of it on top of our blankets. All day it fell, and again the next day, until we were floundering around in snow between two and three feet deep. Indeed, it was one of the deepest snows I have ever seen in Ohio. The weather was not very cold yet, and it began to rain, so we hoped it would go off in the rain and that we could resume our surveying.

Mr. Massie would not let me go out with the surveyors, but kept me by the fire, and gave me writing to do for him. I was glad to rest and to avoid exposure, and enjoyed the warmth of my new shirt as the weather grew colder. The third morning a cold wind swept down on us, freezing our blankets stiff, and covering all our fire wood with a coat of ice. It was an hour before we could make the fires burn and we had to run about to get warm.

The wind was blowing with great force from

the north, and it was impossible to be comfortable, except close to the great fires. Surveying was abandoned. The men took turns in chopping wood, and the horses were kept busy hauling it to the fires.

That was an experience that tested the power of endurance of every man in our company. Some were careless at first, but as the wind grew into a fiercer gale and the bitter cold stung our hands and faces, they learned that life itself might be lost if they did not protect themselves.

One lesson I learned then that has been of great value to me ever since. Often do we hear men say that liquor warms them up, protects them from cold, and lessens the risk during exposure, and also that it gives them strength. But I soon noticed that the men who drank the most suffered the most of all, and then I found that those who used little or no liquor had greater power of resistance and a more even strength, and did not become exhausted as soon as the others.

I went out for fire wood with our gang, and as we brought it in Mr. Massie looked at me, saying:

"Morris, your nose is pretty white. It must be frosted."

"It did sting for awhile, but it does not hurt now."

"Rub snow on it at once, and keep away from the fire for a few minutes or the skin will crack."

I did this and rubbed my ears also, saving myself a good deal of trouble by this immediate attention. Some of the men had their faces frozen although they were near the fire and others had their feet frozen. Such a miserable time I hope I may never see again.

Massie was the most cheerful man of the company. There were those who lost heart, and others who were selfish and churlish, for character is tested in such times of hardship, and men who have always borne the name of being good fellows sometimes fail sadly when such seasons of adversity come upon them.

Massie, however, exerted all his powers to make things run as smoothly as possible and to keep the men in good spirits. He had stories to tell we had never heard. He started singing and contrived to have the men take up their usual diversions. He saw that fire wood was always on hand, and made us all as comfortable as possible in camp.

There was one grave peril of which he was fully aware, but kept to himself, although doing every-

thing to avert it. It was not the danger of an Indian attack, for of that we had no fear and took no precautions to prevent one. It was starvation. Our hunters usually found enough game for the next day's use and sometimes, but not often, by good fortune, they would get a little ahead.

When the cold storm fell on us there was still some of the bear meat. No birds or animals could be found while the snow was falling. The playful cubs, which the men petted like kittens, were killed and roasted. When the storm was over there was nothing in camp to eat. The rain had frozen on the bushes and then a crust had formed, hard enough to bear a turkey, or a wolf, or a coon, but which broke under our feet and let us down into three feet of snow. Walking a short distance was as tiresome as a ten mile tramp; running, an impossibility.

The worst feature of these conditions was that every footstep breaking the crust made a noise in the still woods loud enough to be heard a quarter of a mile. If a hunter could get close enough to see a deer or a turkey, his steps would be heard against the wind, by their sensitive ears, long before he came within shot. Most of them would

probably take the alarm before he discovered them.

Jack had warned Massie of this before the hunters went out in the morning. He said they would try their utmost to overcome the difficulties, but feared they would entirely fail. At night when they came in everyone knew that there was little more than enough food for one meal in camp, and as long as the crust on the snow remained, no hope of getting any more. Here we were one hundred miles from home and nothing for thirty men to eat.

Of course there was grumbling and some loud talk and profanity, but soon Massie by his quiet influence stopped it and infused a better spirit among the men. His own example, stinting himself that others might have more, shamed the grumblers.

The next day the cold continued and the hunters, reinforced by several of the best shots, used all their skill without avail. They could not obtain a single bird. The desperate nature of our situation was now apparent to everyone. Death stared us in the face. This extremity silenced small complaints and bound us together as a band of brothers doomed to a common fate.

CHAPTER XXI

A GRAND HUNT AND A FEAST

After a night of anxiety that disturbed our slumbers, we awoke upon the third day of our starvation to find the cold was unbroken, and the terrible danger was now alarming.

"I am going out with you today," I said to Jack.

"Weakened as you are from your wounds, you will exhaust yourself and perish in the snow."

"We shall all perish here unless we get something to eat today."

"Ask Massie what he thinks."

"Go if you like," Mr. Massie said. "It will make little difference when you die, and you have been such a fortunate lad, perhaps your presence will bring good luck to the hunters this morning."

"There is no luck about me, but I think I know of a place where the turkeys might go to scratch in the snow for food. Some of them roost near it, and would be apt to stay close at hand, and I think I have a plan that will not fail to get us some of them."

"Thank God for your good sense and ready wit. God bless you in the attempt. I'll go along myself. Let's keep pretty close together so that if one drops the others can help him crawl back."

The best hunters and the strongest men were in our party, which I led off in a different direction entirely from any Jack or McDonald had taken. It brought us over the hills to a sheltered nook along a small creek, three or four miles from our camp. Before we reached it we heard turkeys gobbling up the stream hidden by the intervening hills.

I described the place to the whole party and told them my plan. There were bushes on the bottom and reeds in the creek with which we could make screens where we were out of hearing of the birds. Here the best hunters should be placed, then the rest should make a wide circle and come down the stream, slowly driving the birds down to the screens. One man should creep up to the top of the hills on each side of the birds, so that when they took the alarm, if they tried to scatter or go up over the hills they would be driven back to the stream.

Jack and McDonald approved of my plan and thought it promised success. I let them work out

the arrangements, and they placed one screen on each side of the bottom, and one on either hillside facing the creek, but farther up the stream. If the birds came down near the water as we expected they would, they were to be allowed to approach the lower screens before any shots were fired, but if they scattered on the higher ground, then the other hunters were to do their best.

I was given a place in one blind and Jack another. Bell and William Leedom were posted on the hills, and McDonald and McArthur led the party that made a wide circuit and approached the flock from the other side.

It seemed like an age before any birds came near us, and I thought I should freeze or be so stiff I could not pull the trigger when I had a bird in line. We still heard the turkeys and hoped they would not wander before the driving party came upon them. At last the gobbling drew nearer, then there was a hurried call of alarm, and the birds could be seen flying and running towards us. They were few indeed to make so much noise, and it behooved us to let none escape.

After a few moments they drew near the screen where Jack and his companion were posted. Both fired and each brought down his bird. The other

three fled in great alarm. We all fired at them but our shots, if they took effect, did not stop their flight, and we got no more. We tried the same scheme again that day without success, and after a long tramp came into camp with only two birds. They were evenly divided amongst the whole company, making about a pound of meat for each. Not a scrap of the flesh was wasted. The heads and feet were boiled and eaten. It was a scanty meal but it was our salvation, and we were thankful and took courage.

The next morning we broke camp and retreated ten miles homeward, a slow, laborious and painful journey. The horses broke a path, followed by the strongest men, who took turns in beating it down. Then the rest of us crawled along in single file. By noon the wind had gone down and the warm sunshine was softening the crust. After awhile we came over the hills that border the Rattlesnake fork and there Jack at the front signalled us to halt and keep quiet, for he had sighted turkeys. Our packs were carefully laid aside and every rifle was put in order. Then the flock was surrounded. Our most skilful hunters crept noiselessly down and fired into the flock and one or two more were shot on the wing.

That night we broke our long fast and each man had a good supper. We went to bed in good spirits, sleeping by the fires without guards. The next day we all went hunting, and nearly every man brought in something. Before noon our game pile was a big one. A bear, three deer and a dozen turkeys drove all fear of starvation from our minds. We had a great feast that afternoon, and a jollier crowd never camped on Rattlesnake than our party that night.

As the snow was rapidly melting we turned our faces north again, and by noon had reached our deserted starvation camp. When the waters in the swollen streams had subsided we resumed our surveying and lived in comfort until it was finished. Ten days later we started homeward, a contented and even happy set of men.

I felt particularly well pleased with the result of this trip. I had earned more money than ever before, and had endured the hardships of our starving tour as well as any man in the company. As we came down into the valley of Paint Creek a few miles above its junction with the Scioto, I thought that beautiful valley lying so peacefully among the hills was the cosiest spot for a home I had ever seen.

I pointed out the place to Massie, who said the land belonged to him and that he would sell it to me on easy terms, deducting what I had earned by my winter's work. So then and there we made a survey of two hundred acres of bottom and upland, and I, Morris Patterson, seventeen years old, had bound myself to pay three hundred dollars within three years. Not many men would have trusted a boy in that way, much less to that amount. It was like Mr. Massie to do it, for he sought to help others. When men applied to him for accommodation, he sold his land on easy payments, and often without much security except his accurate reading of character.

CHAPTER XXII

TOM ANDERSON WANTS A COMRADE

When we reached the crown of the hill above the station a few of us fired our rifles, and all raised a hearty cheer. The rear gate was thrown open, and men, women and children came running up the path to meet us.

Susie threw her arms around me and for a moment her joy was so great that she could not speak.

"Oh, Morris!" she cried at last. "I am so relieved and happy to see you safe and well. I've worried over you so that I could not sleep. Where were you in that awful storm. Are you well?"

"I am as sound as a nut and as fat as a young shote. We were all out in the snow and wind. We had big fires, still it was pretty tough, but we came through it all right. My nose has a new skin, and some of the boys had their hands and feet frosted."

"Why didn't you build some huts, or bark shanties, or a three faced camp?"

"It would have been a sensible thing to do, but who would think a storm would last four or five days in the middle of March? We shall do it the next time."

"There won't be any next time for you. I'll not let you go out again in the winter to suffer such exposure," Susie replied with that assumption of sisterly authority which deep affection prompts. I looked up at my sister, fifteen years old, tall, strong and fine looking, and I was glad that I had a home to come back to, and someone to watch over me with a sister's unselfish, devoted love.

Still, I thought I must not give up too much to her, so I answered:

"Why not? I am sure I don't want to go through another storm in that way. We had no reason to expect such polar weather in the spring, but we came through it in good shape. You are the last one to pamper me up like a baby, and have me leave my work undone lest I should be out in a storm that might never come. Lots of Indian women and children in the far North are out in such weather every winter. You do not want me to be more tender than they, do you?"

"But this was terrible, Morris. I am going to take good care of you after this, if you don't take

better care of yourself. But come to the cabin. The fire is ready to light and I'll get a shovel of coals of Mrs. Ellison as we go by her door, and in less than an hour I'll have a good hot supper for you."

I wondered what Susie would say when I told her of my fight with the bear, and of the narrow escape from starving to death, but I reserved those stories until after supper. The cabin was very neat and comfortable that night, and Susie made me realize in every way a sister could the gladness and the love she felt. Ours was indeed a happy little home, and because there were but the two of us we were drawn closer together than perhaps brothers and sisters are in larger families. I thanked God for my home and determined that I would be worthy of my sister's trust and pride in me, and of her great affection.

The next day we rested and spent our time telling our experiences, for each one of us was called on several times for his story by the different groups that gathered at the cabin doors to hear us. That was an exciting day at Massie's station.

In the afternoon, Tom Anderson, having heard of our arrival, came over to see me, and to get the news of our expedition at first hand. He was not

satisfied until I had told him all about it. Then he hunted up Jack and McArthur and McDonald and made them relate it all over again, until he was sure he had learned all he could of our remarkable experiences.

"It surely was a tough time," he said to me when we came back to our cabin. "I don't believe I envy you the hardship and suffering. A warm cabin was a much safer and more comfortable place two weeks ago than lying by the fire in the wind and snow. Yet I don't know but I do envy you after all, for I would like to be able to say that I had been through it all, and it must be some satisfaction to a man to look on it afterwards. A man can't look out for his ease and comfort, and do much that is worth doing, that is grand and heroic. Such deeds are done at the cost of suffering and toil, and deeds of daring, like your fight with the bear, are at the risk of life."

"I did not feel very heroic when that freezing wind was raising goose-bumps all over my legs and back. But what you say is true, Tom. All worthy deeds cost something, and a selfish and self-indulgent man will fail of the highest and best deeds. But there are not very many people of

that kind out here. The life of the West is too arduous for such men and women."

"I am going out with Massie the next time. I would have gone on this tour, if father had let me go. Fathers are responsible for much mental suffering to their boys by holding them down and sitting on them, when they want to be doing things. You orphans are a happy set for you can do as you please."

As Tom said this with a deep sigh one might have supposed he was the most repressed and unhappy son in Kentucky. But Susie and I, who knew of his happy home life and of his love and reverence for his father, laughed aloud at his comic distress.

"You are a fraud, Tom. Don't try to excite our sympathy by pretending that you are snubbed at home. You needn't put on the airs of a victim of a parent's tyranny. You won't get any sympathy from Morris and me, for we know you too well."

"I may as well go home then, Susie. My mother will be kinder to her unfortunate son, who wants a chance and can't get it."

"Come back tomorrow, Tom. I'll give you a chance to work hard. I'm going to have a log-rolling. Stay with me three days, and help me

clean up my inlot and get it ready for plowing."

"All right, I'm with you, old friend. But you will have to pay me up by plowing for me the next week."

To this I agreed of course. Several of my neighbors helped me with my log-rolling, and as we worked we talked over the new expedition to the Scioto that Massie was planning. A company was now being formed to make a settlement at the mouth of Paint Creek, and Tom urged me to go with him.

I was strongly inclined to join it; but as Susie wanted me to stay at home and begged me not to go away again so soon, I hardly knew which way to turn. Susie and Tom argued the matter every day, and I finally put off my decision for awhile and gave my mind to my work, of which I had much to do.

Two weeks later Tom came back again full of enthusiasm over the new settlement. I had plowed my lot and dragged brush over it, and today Susie was dropping corn while I followed, covering it. As I leaned on my mattock to talk, Susie sat down on a grassy spot by a stump, and began to gather violets, spring beauties, liverworts and anemones, arranging a bouquet for the dinner table.

"I think it's mean of you, Tom, to try to persuade Morris to go away from me again," Susie said in a rather pettish tone. "You know he has work to keep him at home, and I need him so much."

"But this is the best chance that has offered yet, Susie. Every man who joins the company now will get an inlot and an outlot in a place that is bound to grow fast."

"Is Parson Finley going?"

"Of course; he is the one who organized the whole enterprise. A good many of his church members are in it," Tom replied, giving me the names of some of the best in the settlement at Concord, Kentucky. "For a while it looked as if the whole Presbyterian church would move up there. They say they are disgusted with slavery and they want to help found a free state. Some of them backed out, but a good many men are coming from Pennsylvania, and as soon as they get here they will choose their leaders and start. If they like the land they are going to buy twenty thousand acres of Massie and divide it up among themselves."

"Massie has the land and more in other places. What will they give him for it?"

"Twenty shillings an acre for the whole tract. He says the river land is worth more than that."

As I looked off down the river I felt an almost uncontrollable impulse to drop this irksome work and go with the company to those fair lands on the Scioto.

"Come with me, Morris," Tom pleaded. "I want you to be with me. It will be so much more fun to have a partner like you, and you will steady me to work and do my best."

"I'd like to show you the caves and wild places on Rocky Fork, and my bear den."

"And I want to see them, and your land on Paint Creek. Why, Morris, this new town will prosper from the start. I want to buy several good lots, for in a few years they will be worth a good many times what I'll pay for them."

"You are very sanguine, Tom. I also think it will grow, for it is Massie's plan, formed long ago. A good many Virginians have entered land and they will enter more there or sell their land to others when the Indian war is over. But I can't go now without breaking my word with my neighbors. I have changed work with them, and they have cleared my land for me, and now I have to pay up my debts to them in work that will keep me

busy for some time. Then this corn will be coming up and need hoeing, and if I am off in the woods, Susie will be breaking her back hoeing corn. I can't honorably go just now.'"

"I am tired of so much talk," Susie said. "I will go in and get dinner. Morris, don't let Tom persuade you to leave me. He ought to see that you must stay at home now. You are only too ready to drop your work and go off on some wild goose chase."

Susie's last remark set me to doing some sober thinking. Was it true that I was growing into a restless, changeable state of mind, like those ne'er-do-wells, who are always moving from place to place? I had to confess that there was danger of it. The spirit of wandering was in my blood. I could now see in my mind those beautiful places I had visited and I longed to go there again, and to explore other lands unknown to me. Work was growing tedious and I would rather hunt and trap and survey land.

After a while we went on with the planting and were half through when Susie called us to dinner. Tom tried to think up some plan to relieve me of my obligations for work, but neither of us could find a way out.

That evening Israel Donalson came to the station, and Tom and I talked the matter all over with him. He brought a copy of General Wayne's proclamation, dated February 22nd, 1795, in which he referred to his negotiations with the Indians and said:

"In the name of the President of the United States, I do hereby forbid any party or parties, citizens of the United States, from entering the Indian country northwest of the Ohio river with hostile intentions (without permission from the proper authorities first obtained) between this period and the end of the pending treaty, as they will answer a contrary conduct at their peril."

Israel advised us both to stay at home. It was possible some of the Indians were up there hunting, and there might be a fight and serious trouble.

"General Wayne is not a man to be trifled with, Morris. He might put you all under arrest."

Susie spoke of her anxiety about my losing my industrious habits and Israel talked with me seriously on that subject.

"I did not take all that trouble to give you an education only to have you throw it away. I want you to amount to something as a useful man in the community you live in, and in our future state.

You must be a freeholder as you are here, and if you get a good deal of property so much the better. Take an interest in local affairs and you will become influential in a wider circle. I expect to meet and work with you in the legislature sometime, when we will join in making good laws, and in setting up good schools and building good roads. I don't want you to be 'a rolling stone that gathers no moss.' "

I knew this was wholesome advice, but the impulse to go with Tom was very strong. I fought it out in my own heart and decided to stay at home, and events proved my decision was a wise one.

CHAPTER XXIII

A FOOLHARDY SETTLER

Now I must turn back a few months to relate another part of this story. Sometime in February, I do not remember just when, but I know it was a few weeks before we started on our Starving Tour, I had gone up the river with Andrew Ellison to work with him on his farm. As we were chopping we saw a man in a canoe paddling across the river a mile above us. He had a horse fastened behind his frail bark, and he led the way with his boat while the animal followed, swimming. At first the horse was fractious and it took some time to quiet him, but after awhile the man got away and the horse swam after him. The whole attempt was such a risky thing that we stopped our work and watched him until he was safely over. From the top of our hill we could see very distinctly, although he landed a half mile above us. Having tied the horse to a bush near the water he began to carry some baggage from the boat up the bank.

"Of all the foolish, absurd things a man can try to do I think that is about the craziest and yet he has by good luck succeeded. I'm going down there to see who he is and what he is going to do next."

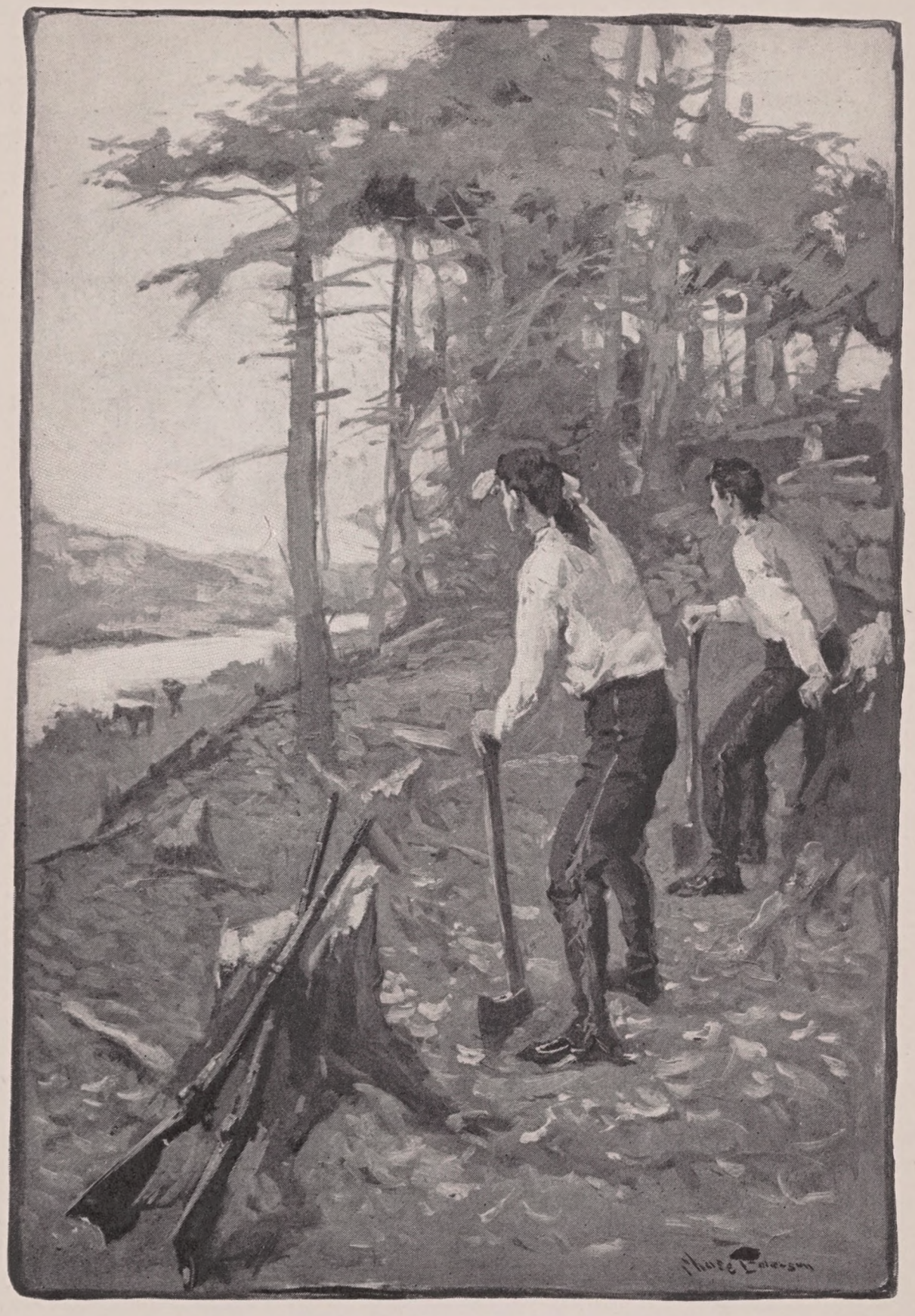
"Hold on, Morris. He is going back. See, he is getting into the boat and taking up his stone anchor, and now he is lifting his paddle. From the way he moves about and the canoe wabbles, I should say he never was in a canoe before. He will be over again and then we will go down and talk to him."

"He's a specimen if ever there was one. We shall have something new to tell the boys tonight."

"That man ought to go around the country and exhibit himself for a show. He could charge a coonskin apiece and make his living at it. I wish we had gone down there in time to see his performance with the horse, close at hand."

"Pretty good, Andrew. When we go down there, we shall see how close a fit your guess is."

We went on chopping with an eye on the river, and after awhile we saw a woman get into the canoe. Then the man handed her a baby and stepped in himself. Another man got in and with a practiced hand sent the canoe along at a steady



"'HE'S A SPECIMEN IF EVER THERE WAS ONE'"

stroke. We hurried down the hill and up the river, arriving just in time to see them land.

It was all as we had preconceived it from our distant view, only a little worse. The man, John Wilcoxon, was moving into the wilderness with his little family, his wife and baby. He had come up from the mountains of Tennessee, having heard that Wayne had conquered the Indians, and was going up North to find a rich farm and settle on it.

Such blind faith staggered us, but we tried to reason with them, and to prevent their going to almost certain destruction.

"Man alive! You don't know what you are attempting," said Andrew. "The Indians are not yet pacified. They are whipped, but they are mad. They are sullen and the English are trying to get them to fight again. General Wayne hopes to make a treaty with them in the spring or summer, but until he does there's no safety in trusting yourselves among them."

"They have been well whipped and they haven't any stomach for fighting. I haven't any quarrel with the Indians. I can live in peace with them and they won't do me any harm. I will help them and they will help me or let me alone."

Mr. Ellison hardly knew what answer to make to such ignorance and childish trustfulness.

"I was peacefully going out to my land to chop trees when the Indians captured me. They took me to their villages up there where you say you are going, and made me run the gantlet. That is, they nearly beat me to death, and it took me weeks to get over it. Then they carried me to Canada, and a kind Englishman bought me from them, and gave me money to come home.

"If you go up there I'll tell you what will likely happen. The Indians will capture you all. They will beat you as they did me. If they don't kill you they will make a slave of you. Some big chief will marry your wife and adopt your baby, and you will have to hoe corn with the squaws and see it all."

Mr. Ellison's vigorous statement made the woman grow pale, but had little effect on the man.

"I feel a call to go up into this northern land. My spirit was vexed with the cruel oppression of the black people. I am going to a land of freedom. The Lord will protect me and my family. But if it be His will that I should be captured or even killed, it is useless for me to fight against it, for so it must be."

"The Lord expects you to use your common sense, if you have any. And if you are deficient there, you'd better use your wife's."

This made the mild-tempered man angry.

"Enough has been said. We must be going on our way."

"I didn't mean to give you offense and hope you will not take any. I only wish to help you out of my own experience and that of my neighbors. Come down to our station and talk to Nathaniel Massie, our leader. He has been up in the North several times, knows all the lands and the temper of the Indians, and he can tell you of the danger you will encounter."

"I see no need of taking counsel with him or your neighbors. Betsy, we will load up our beast and be going."

He took up his bed tick that was filled with blankets and clothing and other articles, and threw it on his horse, then proceeded to pack the rest of his goods on the animal and tie them fast with a long leather strap. The young man whose canoe they had used joined Mr. Ellison in protesting against their going out into almost certain destruction, and I added my entreaties to theirs, urging the strangers to come to our station and to remain

until it was safe for them to make a settlement. All our words were wasted on dull ears, and as soon as their baggage was fastened the man helped his wife to a seat on top of the load, gave her the baby, called his dog, and with his gun on his shoulder started up a little valley that opened between the hills.

"They are a pair of lunies," said the young man as he took up his paddle and pushed his canoe into the river.

"I am glad the woman has the dog for company," I said.

"May God help them, for they need it. But I fear they will have a bitter experience before they see the summer," was Mr. Ellison's conclusion as we turned to go back to our task.

We found afterwards that a week later they camped out about thirty-five miles from the river, waiting for a storm to blow over. Their horse broke away from his tether. When the storm was past the man left his wife in camp, and, taking the dog, started off to follow the trail of his horse, which had wandered off a long distance. He found him by a large spring, the famous Sinking Spring of Highland County, and thinking this was the

place he sought he moved his family there and squatted on the land.

He cut down small trees, hauled up the logs near the spring and with the aid of his wife laid up a small hut of a cabin with a little chimney at one end, and a rough door at the side. A pole bedstead was built in the end opposite the fireplace, and the tick, filled with dead leaves, made a bed. A couple of blocks answered for chairs and they were ready for their primitive housekeeping.

Having girdled the trees on a piece of mellow land near the cabin, they raked away or burned off the leaves, and planted corn and garden seeds, and the woman transplanted vines about the cabin, and sowed some flower seeds near it. Meantime, John supplied the table generously by his skill with his rifle. Here like two unconscious children this simple-hearted couple lived in the first home established by white people in that part of our state, and if there had been no savages in Ohio, it would have been one of peace and unalloyed happiness.

One day in following a deer, John found a bee tree two miles from his cabin, and after marking it left a trace to guide him to the spot. When he reached home he made a rude bucket of bark, and

the next morning, with his ax and rifle, went back for the spoil. After a hard two hours' chopping, the big tree fell, and the hollow trunk was soon split open, and its sweet treasure at his disposal. The bucket was filled with the best of the comb, but a great quantity remained which would be found by the bears, and after they had gorged themselves there would be none left. John thought he would save all he could by eating it.

The bees, stupefied by the disaster to their home, did not molest him as he sat upon the trunk, but the crash of the falling tree had been heard a long way off by unsuspected ears. Some Indians stole up behind him and seized his arms. An unkind fate had fallen him and John quietly accepted it.

The scene was now reversed. The white man, tied to a tree, looked on while the dirty, hungry savages gorged themselves with honey. When they could eat no more, one took the ax, another the rifle, a third the pail, and driving their unwilling prisoner before them they leisurely went off toward their camp on Paint Creek. Three days later they came into their camp below the falls at the ford which has long been called Reeves Crossing.

There were forty Shawanoese in the camp, who

had refused to go to Greenville to join in making a treaty with General Wayne. Their leader was Puck-se-kaw, or the Jumper. They had probably started off on a hunting expedition, but when they came so near the border, the spirit of revenge for their losses in the battle with Wayne, and the thirst for plunder took them over into Virginia on a foray against the settlements. When Wilcoxon was brought into camp he saw there the scalps of their victims and a lot of plunder they had brought back with them.

It was now the middle of May. The air was sweet with the perfume of blossoms, and the corn in his little clearing was up and needed hoeing. John, tied to a tree in the Indian camp, could not understand this dark misfortune that had befallen him. He groaned over the fate of his wife and child, alone in the wilderness and without much food in the cabin. For the first time he doubted the wisdom of his own judgment, and earnestly prayed God to take care of his wife and baby.

CHAPTER XXIV

THE LAST SKIRMISH WITH THE INDIANS IN OHIO

About the first of May, 1795, there was a good deal of excitement at our station and at Limestone over the preparations for Massie's expedition. A company of men had come down from Pennsylvania by land and others by water. Some of these were men who had been engaged in what was called the Whisky Insurrection in Pennsylvania in the fall and winter of 1793-4, and as the Government was arresting and trying those who made the riots, they wanted to hide themselves for a time.

When all had arrived and their preparations were completed, there were sixty men in the company. Tom Anderson made a final effort to induce me to go, and was much disappointed and a little provoked with me and also with Susie because I would not join him. They divided the company into three bands, with Mr. Massie as leader of the first, Rev. Robert Finley of the second, and Captain Fallenash. an old Revolutionary veteran, of the third.

It was nearly the middle of May when they started, and three days later they came to Paint Creek at the falls, and went into camp for the night. The leaders were careful to send scouts on ahead and to post sentinels at night. These precautions seemed unnecessary to some of the young men, who were very loud in boasting of what they would do to the Indians if they showed themselves. Captain Fallenash, however, knew the value of watchfulness when in the enemy's country and he had not much faith in the prowess of these boasters.

"Tom," he said, "I want you on guard tonight, for you will keep awake. These young fellows that can shoot so well with their mouths will run as soon as they smell Indian powder, or I am very much mistaken."

No signs of Indians were discovered and they had a quiet night, but the scouts were sent out before dawn, and those who went down the creek picked up the trail of a large band, which had come up from the South the day before. They instantly sent word to Massie, and followed up the trail to the ford, two miles below the falls of Paint.

The leaders consulted together, and decided to follow the Indians and attack the camp. Their reasoning was that this was the only way of saving

the expedition from disaster: the Indians would discover their camp in the morning and follow them if they retreated; if the band was large enough it would attack them as soon as it overtook them; if it was a small band it would pass them in the night and ambush them. The reasoning was probably correct, and the conclusion to attack the Indians seemed to be the best way out of a bad situation.

Massie and Captain Fallenash acted promptly, and in a few minutes the arms were examined, and the three bands on their way to surround the Indians. It was not daylight when they came near the place called Reeves Crossing, and the Indian camp was silently surrounded before the redmen were awake. At a given signal each band marched up and the attack began.

The Indians were completely taken by surprise, and rose in confusion and fled across the stream. Two were killed and a number were wounded. Massie's company took possession of the camp and found a white prisoner there, tied to a tree. It was John Wilcoxon, who was very happy at being released in this unexpected way, but before long he began to think it was not so very strange after all, and seemed to take it for granted that the Lord

had sent this company of men up there for no other purpose than to save him in his extremity.

Massie found a large amount of plunder in the camp, which proved clearly that these Indians had been on a foray somewhere south of the river, instead of being peaceably engaged in hunting, as they afterwards represented to General Wayne. There were also a good many horses near by. These were driven in and caught and the baggage loaded on them. The Indians had carried their guns with them in their flight and now began to fire across the creek. Joshua Robinson from Pennsylvania was killed in this way. A grave was dug and his body buried there.

Captain Pattee, who had command of the rear guard, began to joke some of the young men who had slunk out of the fight and hid near the rear.

"Don't be too hard on them, Captain Fallenash," he said, "I think they are sick. They were shaking with the ague when the fighting commenced. No wonder they had to lie down away from the noise and confusion."

This fight put an end to the exploration of the land for that season, and having put the company in good military array Massie gave the command to retreat. They marched about twenty miles and

camped for the night on Scioto Brush Creek, choosing a good location for defense, because they fully expected the Indians would follow them and make an attack in retaliation for their defeat. John Wilcoxon had told them there were forty men in the band; and that many bloodthirsty Shawanoese, smarting under their defeat, would be certain to make a vigorous attack and give the company some very hot fighting before they reached the station.

The best men were selected for sentinels and the guard changed at frequent intervals. Just at daybreak one of the sentinels perceived a motion in the grass, and, watching it, saw that something was crawling towards him. He instantly fired, and either killed or wounded an Indian. From all sides rifles were fired into the camp, but the white men were alert and held their camp, steadily returning the fire of the enemy, whenever one showed himself or his position.

There was a deep sink hole in the camp and in this some of the cowardly skulkers hid themselves. The battle continued for an hour, when two of the Indians being killed and several wounded, they became discouraged and silently vanished. No

white man was killed, but one by the name of Gilfillan was severely wounded in the thigh.

Some of the horses had been killed, but enough remained to carry a litter for the wounded man and all the baggage, and Manchester was reached without any further adventures. This was the last battle between white men and Indians on the soil of Ohio until the war of 1812.

John Wilcoxon found his way home on the day of the battle at Reeves Crossing. His wife had spent these days in great fear and agony, distressed by her uncertainty about him, and in anxiety for her own safety. She had no weapon but a hatchet, so she barred her door and waited, nearly frightened to death, until John should return or his continued absence should show he was dead.

"Well, Betsy, I've brought you no honey after all. The Indians et it all."

"What do I care for honey? Here I endured torments for four days because I feared you was et up by a bear or killed by Indians. I couldn't sleep a wink at night for the howlin' of the wolves that I thought mebbe had torn you to pieces, and when the owls hooted I was all of a tremble for fear it was Indians making signs. What did they do to you?"

"Captured me for a few days, but the Lord sent a lot of white men to release me. You ort to have more faith, Betsy. I asked the Lord to save me and He did."

John seemed to have brought Betsy over to his way of thinking, for instead of fleeing to a safer place, there they lived, all alone, for a year. If that band of infuriated savages discovered them they must have considered them possessed of evil spirits, and so avoided them through fear of bringing another disaster upon themselves.

This unfortunate expedition came near resulting in very serious consequences to a good many people. The Indians were enraged and at once sent a runner to Blue Jacket. In less than a week General Wayne had received a complaint that Massie and Finley had attacked a peaceable company of Shawanoese, murdered some of them, and plundered their camp. He at once wrote to Governor St. Clair detailing three outrages of a similar character, committed against the Indians. These affairs caused the General great uneasiness, because they jeopardized all his efforts to produce a friendly feeling among the Indians, and to make a treaty of peace with them.

General Wayne was very angry about it, as these words in his letter will show:

"If the real object of Parson Finley and Mr. Massie and their party was to form a settlement on the Scioto, they took a very improper mode to effect it by attacking and plundering the Indians (who were in a peaceable hunting camp) in place of gaining their friendship and confidence by acts of kindness and hospitality.

"This Mr. Finley cannot be a disciple of the meek Jesus; otherwise, he would not thus wantonly bring war and desolation upon the innocent by the sinful aggressions of his hordes of plunderers."

He urged the Governor to take proper action in the case and offered to co-operate with him in his measures.

Governor St. Clair replied in the same spirit. He said if he could obtain any evidence whatever he would proceed against Mr. Massie. None of the others were residents of the territory, and had gone over into Kentucky, hence were not in his jurisdiction.

Governor St. Clair, however, wrote to Governor Shelby of Kentucky and stated the facts of the raid, and also that the depredations suffered by the people in Kentucky in the last few weeks had

been committed by this same band of Indians, infuriated by the wanton attack made upon them by Finley and Massie. He urged him to prosecute the Kentuckians engaged in it. Governor St. Clair also went over to Lexington to hunt up some evidence against Mr. Massie.

It looked as if there would be some serious trouble about it, but after all nothing was done. When the treaty had been signed in August, General Wayne sent Blue Jacket after these unruly Shawanoese, and he brought them back with him to Greenville. Puck-se-kaw acknowledged his fault to General Wayne, and promised to live in peace, and he delivered up to him four white prisoners they had lately captured in Kentucky. Mr. Massie had business in the East and went to Virginia early in the summer, so the prosecution against him was dropped.

CHAPTER XXV

A DARING VENTURE

Tom Anderson was a restless lad all that summer, as his plans were broken up by the failure of Massie's expedition. Israel Donalson found him working with me on my cornfield and talked it all over with us.

"This is a good discipline for you, Tom," he said, "for it will teach you patience. The door is shut now and you can not open it, but stand by and be ready when it opens after awhile, as it will. Meantime you and Morris would do well to work together and get a lot of clearing done."

After Israel went on Tom and I talked over the situation, and although I had no money with which to hire Tom, he agreed to work with me for two weeks, and then I would go with him into his father's harvest field. When those jobs were finished other farmers in Kentucky wanted us, and work being plenty and wages fair, Tom was contented and happy. Then my corn was ripe for

cutting and after that we went out to my farm on Gift Ridge and spent three weeks clearing a field for grain.

"What shall we do this winter, Morris? I believe there is more profitable work than chopping."

"Certainly there is. Skins and furs are the best paying product of this country. Bears are thick in the woods now. Let us go partners in hunting and trapping this winter."

"I'll go with you and am glad of the chance. You have been out so much with Massie, you know what to do and how to live and where to go in the woods. I would feel perfectly safe with you."

"There is much for me to learn yet, but I don't think I would lose my way or my head."

"When shall we go?"

"Not until I get my corn husked and haul in my winter wood for Susie. That will take us some time yet."

But in a way I had not expected my work was shortened up.

"Morris, we all owe you work," said John McDonald to me the day I began to haul in my corn.

"I reckon not," I answered. "Everyone about here has been mighty good to me, and the little I can do does not pay my debt to you."

"It is just the other way. You have lent a willing hand and foot to every man in the station. Isn't that so, Andrew?"

"Ay, it is, and the women would say the same. I remember the times Morris has watched with our sick boy when my wife and I were all tuckered out."

"Oh, that is nothing. I liked to do a little for a nice boy as he is. If you are going to talk this way I will clear out to the woods tomorrow."

My friends said no more, and I write this down only that you may understand what followed. I saw McDonald look at the heap of corn and wink at Ellison, who nodded in reply, but I gave the matter no more thought as I drove off with my rude sled for another load. It was near sundown when Tom pulled off the last ear and we started for the station.

"I think there will be fifty bushels. You will have some to sell, for you and Susie cannot eat it all."

"I would not want to pound it all into meal either. But, Tom, look down the river. That's Kenton's big boat and the second oar looks like him. Who are the others?"

"That's Simon, and there's father, and I can

hear Jennie Austin's silvery laugh, and Carrie Bean's screech. What are they coming over here for tonight?"

We hurried up our horse, and soon threw off our load, and then ran down to the landing, where we found another row-boat full of our Kentucky friends and all the station there to meet them.

"We have come to your husking, Morris!" cried Jennie.

"And be sure you have plenty of red ears, for the next time we come we want to dance at your wedding," Carrie Bean added.

"My husking bee! I know nothing of it! It's taken me by surprise; and when you dance at my wedding, you will have to bring the bride with you."

"That's no hard matter, Morris. Plenty of these girls are willing," said Simon with a loud laugh. "There's Carrie herself. She'll take you fast enough if you only shake your head at her."

But Carrie had vanished before Simon had finished, and it was an hour before she would let me say a word to her.

The whole party flocked up the bank in one group, being in the best of spirits, and out for all the fun they could crowd into one evening. We

found John McDonald making a big fire for light and warmth; and in a short time the crowd was divided into two sides, and a race began to see which would do the most work. Tom was sitting by Susie and their nimble fingers were not the slowest there. After a while both seized the same ear.

"I hope it's a red one," he said, stripping off the husk and holding up his prize.

"Now I'll have my reward."

"You won't get it from me," said Susie, springing to her feet, and eluding Tom's hand. Her friends helped her as Tom pursued, and it was some minutes before he cornered her between the blockhouse and the palisades. Susie was screeching and the boys and girls were running to look on when a loud smack announced Tom's success.

"Many hands make light work," and it was not long until the last ear was husked; and it was evident that John McDonald's side had the largest pile of ears. Then the women and girls gathered in the cabins, and in a short time came out distributing wooden trenchers and horn and pewter spoons, and others followed with steaming kettles of vension stew, and boards heaped with golden corn-bread, light and sweet.

After a merry half-hour over the supper there were a few dances by the firelight in the open, and then a game of blindman's buff, and it was still early when our guests took their way home, Tom going with them. Such were the simple amusements of our life in the pioneer days, when the communities were small and like one family.

The next day Ellison, the Beasleys and I bought a flatboat of a family who settled on a tract of land near the station. We loaded the broad horn with our corn, and took it to Cincinnati, where we sold it at a fair price. Tom went with me and we bought three traps for beaver, and powder and lead and salt, and I had five silver dollars in my pocket when we set out in the canoe for home.

Susie had spent the week with Mrs. Anderson and by their kindness and industry Tom and I were both fitted out with a new suit of oiled buckskin, shirt, leggings, and moccasins. We were elated with our new and comfortable clothing, and a day after our return from Cincinnati we again dipped our paddles in the Ohio and started for a long journey up the Scioto. Before we started Susie begged us to be careful of our health and safety.

"You boys must promise you will build huts or

lodges every cold or stormy night. I won't let you go, Morris, unless you do, for you might be frozen to death or get your hands and feet frozen, so that you could not get food, or come home."

"Yes, we will promise. It is our plan to make a comfortable camp every time we change our place of trapping."

"And you must promise you will not go farther into the Indian country than you have already explored."

"We cannot promise that, Susie, for we cannot tell what we may find and we must follow the game when we find it."

"The men accuse the women of changing their minds. I think you have faced around completely, Morris. You would not go with Massie last spring and did not want Tom to go. Now you have persuaded him to go with you on this wild goose chase, you two boys alone among a lot of Indians. You are not very consistent, Morris."

"Don't you see the difference, sister? Then, the Indians claimed the land; now, they have ceded it to us. Then, they were hostile; now, they have promised not to molest the white people."

"That may be, but you can't convince me it isn't

very dangerous. I'm certain I'll never see either of you again."

"Don't part with us with such discouraging words, sister. Give us one of your own brave speeches for a good start."

"I can't, Morris, I'm too heavy-hearted," Susie replied as she kissed me goodby. Nor did she refuse Tom when he lightly touched her lips with his. Then she once more threw her arms around me and held me fast for a long moment.

"May God take care of you and bring you back again in safety. Morris, you are all I have. Remember that and do be careful. Every night I will pray for your protection."

Tom and I were both pretty sober as we bent to our paddles, and it was some time before either of us spoke a word. The next day we were ascending the Scioto, and as we went on we found little inducement to set our traps on the streams that flow into the lower part of the river. The high hills east of the Scioto turn the waters into the two Hocking rivers, so that the creeks are not large. We found several bears and only one got away from us.

After a few days we pushed on up to Paint Creek and here we found traps set for beaver, and

I knew they belonged to my friend, Josh. But although we sought him and waited for him we did not find him. Of course we would not trespass on his waters, therefore we left Paint and paddled up the Scioto another day's travel. This brought us to the site of the Lower Shawanoese villages, where Logan's cabin had been. Carefully scouting we found them all deserted and wondered why, until we learned that the English did not give up plotting with the Indians after the treaty was signed, but kept on until they had delivered up Detroit and Fort Miami during the following summer.

Upon Congo Creek we discovered marks of beaver on the branches of sycamore and slippery elm lodged on the banks, but the signs were not abundant. Tom helped me dig sassafras roots, and then he remained in camp while I floated down the creek and set the traps under the banks, with the sassafras on the top above them. The next morning I quickly paddled up stream and found my first beaver in one of the traps; but the others had not been disturbed, nor could I discover any fresh signs of the wary animals on the creek.

Tom met me coming back to camp.

"You've had some luck if it was not great."

"I do not think there is another one in the creek. This old fellow has a broken tooth and every branch that had been gnawed or peeled has the mark of it."

"There is something strange about that. Don't they always live in families and have dams and houses? Where is his mate?"

"Josh told me he used to find a solitary one now and then. He says the mates fight, and the young ones combine and drive out an old tyrant, and will not let him come back again. So, unless he can get a mate to follow him, he has to live alone the rest of his days. Now that I have him I can make some scent, and we will not waste time here, but look for the colony he came from, which will not be far away."

After skinning the beaver I carefully cut into the under part of the body until I found two pear-shaped sacs. These contained the castor, a yellow-brown substance with a pungent odor. Tom brought me some of the bark of the spice bush, which we pounded up and mixed with the castor, and this we placed in a little box we made of buck-eye wood and plugged it up with a tight-fitting top.

"Well, I suppose we will have to hunt for that other creek where the lodges are."

"I think it's a big one that flows in from the west a few miles above here."

"There are Indians up there, for I saw smoke up there this morning."

"Was there much of it, or anything unusual about it?"

"No. Just a little of it, like you have when you start a fire, and then there was no more."

"In that case we will go up the Scioto at night a good many miles beyond, and then portage across west to the creek. I was up there with Massie and saw the beaver dams. We can't go up the creek unless we portage around the dams. If we go close to the dams we will alarm the beaver and get none of them, and if we go far around them the Indians may find our trail and bother us. They might steal our beaver or our traps or do some other mischief. If we can avoid them altogether as we have so far, we won't run into unknown troubles or disasters."

The fact was that our immunity from danger had made us both bold. We did not think of backing out when we knew there were Indians near us. We determined to go ahead with great caution, avoid the redskins, if possible, and if we were discovered to make the best of the situation.

Tom agreed to my proposal and four hours after sunset we came opposite a small camp of five tepees. There was no fire, and a dead silence prevailed until a large dog howled, and a small cur ran out along the bank barking at us. We saw no one and soon left the camp far behind us. At midnight we drew our canoe under some bushes, and pulling our blankets over us soon fell asleep, nor did we waken until sunrise.

As I rose to a sitting posture I was astonished to hear women's voices at the river. Laying my hand on Tom's mouth, which ensured his being quiet, I looked around carefully from under the screen of the bushes. The women sat there talking an interminable time, it seemed to me; they then dipped their pails in the river and went back to their lodges in a grove a little way down the river.

When they were out of sight I climbed a tree and discovered the cluster of tepees, a small village of Wyandottes, opposite the present site of Columbus, as I afterwards discovered.

"Come, Tom, we must sneak away at once and I will tell you when we are out of hearing," I said in a low tone, and immediately lifted our canoe into the river.

Noiselessly we took our places and dipped our

paddles; as silently as a bird upon the wing we stole up the stream under cover of the overhanging banks. Not until we had put ten miles between us and that camp did we stop to talk or eat our breakfast. We entered a creek flowing from the west and followed its varying course a few miles, and then when it brought us no nearer to the stream we were seeking we landed.

After resting a little and eating a hasty lunch of cold duck, Tom took up the guns and baggage and I the canoe, and we started on a direct course west. Fortune had favored us, and a tramp of two hours brought us to a valley in the center of which we caught the gleam of water.

"There's our creek, Tom, and I will be glad to ride in this boat instead of carrying it."

"Back out, Morris," Tom said, coming back to me where I was resting. "That creek is alive with beaver. There are lots of branches neatly peeled, and a tree there they have cut down."

My weariness vanished under this encouraging news. We went back and then north, for we were sure there was a dam below, and made our camp in a thick clump of bushes by a small stream, and dug a hole in the ground for our fire.

Early in the afternoon I floated down into the

larger stream, and down this a mile or more until the water spread out into a good-sized pond, and there, stretching across the stream, was a rough but effective dam about seventy-five or eighty feet from bank to bank. I floated near and examined it, being careful to touch nothing above water. It was made of small sticks about six feet long, plastered together with mud, and grass and weeds filled in the chinks. There was a house or lodge in the middle of the pond also made of small sticks. This was almost fifteen feet in diameter, and inside of if there would be a platform above the water where the industrious animals ate their bark, and slept all day long. The entrance to it was below the surface of the water.

This lodge was built because the banks were too low to allow them to burrow above the water line. Where the banks are high enough they live in the ground.

It was a beautiful place with a park-like appearance near the stream, for the beaver had cut down the trees when they were small and so prevented the growth of large timber.

The dam I saw was not straight, but curved in the center up the stream. All the large dams I ever examined were made in the same way. Who

taught these dumb animals that principle of engineering, which man has been slow to learn, that the weight of the water would be more evenly distributed if the upper side of the dam was convex?

It appeared as if a large family lived here, and I moved about with the greatest caution and remained but a few minutes. The beaver's organs of smell are so delicate that they can detect the scent of a man's hand or foot for a long distance, and can catch the odor of the castor a mile away from the trap.

I did not place any traps near the dam, because the struggle of a beaver to get free would frighten the whole family. With only a quiet dip of the paddle I went up stream for a mile, and where an elm sprout grew on the bank I anchored my canoe by driving a sharp stake into the muddy bottom. With the paddle I dug a hole for the trap just below the surface of the water. A small stick, tied by a horse hair to the trap, held a little of the scent on the top, and this was stuck into the bank just above the trap. There was a short chain on the trap, and then a long strip of basswood bark, and this tied to a branch, which, floating on the surface, marked the spot where I would find a dead beaver when the trap was sprung.

Nothing which I had handled was above the water except that little stick in the bank. Drawn by the essence of the bait the beaver would swim to the spot, climb over the trap and, if caught, struggle in the water until it was drowned, and nothing would remain to frighten the other beavers.

Tom went with me in the morning and watched me as I gathered up our game and reset the traps. Each one had a beaver caught by the forefoot, and we wished we had as many more traps. After that Tom was as good a trapper as I, and he went out the next morning while I watched the camp. Game was abundant and we lived on turkeys and ducks.

On the fourth day as we were eating our dinner Tom said:

"We need not go hunting today. This turkey will last till tomorrow."

"I think not, for we are going to have a visitor, if not two or three, whose appetites are huge. Don't look uneasy or scared. Take it as if it was an every-day occurrence for Indians to visit us."

"I don't see anyone."

"He is in the bush behind you."

Tom did not look around, but rose and put some dry sticks on the fire, and as he moved about he

glanced at the willows and then sat down by me with his rifle across his knees.

The Indian stood up and came toward us, knowing he had been seen. He was unarmed, except his knife, and he sat down without saying a word. Tom handed him the turkey and motioned to him to eat, and in an incredibly short time nothing but the bones were left. Then he looked at me closely and said:

"Ma hese, Ma hese."

"What does he mean, Tom?"

"Mawese, Mawese," the red man said, this time pointing to me.

I shook my head, but Tom was quicker, and laying his hand on me said:

"Morris!"

"Ugh, Molis! Molis! Name Molis. Live by Ohio sepe."

"Who are you? Where did you see me?"

"Wa-will-a-way. Name Wa-will-a-way. Get boy Molis. Get man—dead."

By this time I remembered the face and form of the man who had befriended me when I was captured, and explained it to Tom.

"More pelewa. Wa-will-a-way eat."

I showed him that we had no more turkey, but

pointed to a beaver I had skinned, whose musky-flavored meat we did not like. With a smile of pleasure We-will-a-way cut off the broad flat tail, which some people ignorantly call the trowel of the beaver, and putting it on a sharpened stick held it over the coals. When the scales were blistered white on both sides he scraped them off and greedily began to eat.

"Is it good?" I asked.

For a reply he pulled off a piece of the white, tender meat and handed it to me, and it was the daintiest, sweetest morsel I had eaten for many months.

"What fools we have been, Tom, to throw all those beaver tails away! Get one and thank this old buck for teaching you what it is," I said as I sharpened a stick and fixed a tail on it. Tom followed my example, and soon all three of us were smacking our lips.

Wa-will-a-way had learned a little English and talked with us, as well as he could. He seemed friendly and remained with us for a day. He wanted to learn to talk in our language, and we soon perceived this and taught him a good many new words. He still called me Molis, for R is a letter not found in Shawanoese words, and hard

for them to pronounce. We asked him to stay with us, but the next day he went away.

We had obtained fifteen beaver in this stream, and on the sixth day I went out to examine the traps. There was but one that morning, and therefore I did not set them again, being satisfied we had caught all we would get there, and that it was time to seek a new field. When I came near the camp I saw an Indian standing by the fire, and supposed it was our friend. But as I reached the spot I saw he was a stranger, and Tom was tied to a tree. Instantly my gun was leveled, but before I could utter a word my arms were seized from behind and my gun went off in the air.

I struggled to free myself but in vain, and the Indians tripped me up and laid me on the grass, where they held me down.

"What does this mean, Tom? Has Wa-will-away betrayed us?"

"No, I don't believe that of him. This man says I stole his horse on Paint Creek. He says he will take all our traps and skins to pay for it."

"I guess not. Let them take us to their village and then we will talk him out of it."

"You don't seem afraid of them. But that short one is looking at you in a very malicious way."

"Why should I be afraid? They will not dare injure us."

"Don't trust that man. He's a devil."

Tom was right about that, for the shortest one of the three men scowled at me, and then holding up his arm said:

"Arm—broke. Arm—broke."

Then he seized my arm and gave it a wrench that nearly twisted it out of its socket. Next he seized his club and lifted it to strike me.

But just in time to save me from some dreadful injury, Wa-will-a-way ran in and gave the angry buck a shove that sent him sprawling on the ground. Next, like a giant he pulled off the one who was sitting on my chest, and gave the third one a cuff with his open hand which knocked him off my knees. I sprang to my feet, and, whipping out my knife, cut Tom's bonds, and then seized my gun, which had fallen on the grass.

"Now we are three to three and they will find we are more than a match for them. Get the ax."

"He is my meat," Tom said as he took up our ax, and stood ready to knock over the biggest of the three men who had captured him. But Wa-will-a-way held up his hand.

"The little one fight, name Wild Cat. Him,

snake! Him, fox!'' he said scornfully, pointing to the others.

Then he began to talk to them in the most vigorous way in their own language. Reproach, scorn and ridicule were heaped upon them, as we could perceive without understanding a word that was said. The two men were completely cowed by it, but the little man answered him back with anger. Then Wa-will-a-way argued earnestly for some time, but the plucky fellow seemed implacable.

''Wild Cat wants gun. His arm broken. Gun make it strong.''

I began to understand. This was the man whose arm my father broke and he wanted me to pay for it with my gun according to Indian usage.

''No, never!'' I said firmly. ''The Big Wind made treaty. All debts were wiped out. All difficulties settled up. No claims for damages were left over. Hatchet buried so deep no one can dig it up.''

I made my meaning plain to Wa-will-a-way, who assented to it, but when he talked it over to Wild Cat, he only replied:

''Arm broke—gun.''

''Tell him he killed my father. I want satisfac-

tion for that. If he takes my gun, I will kill him for my father's murder."

I enforced my argument by taking my knife from its sheath and feeling the sharp edge, and then slitting up one of the leather thongs to show how keen the edge was. The memory of my wrongs came over me with overpowering force. I thought of my father's dreadful murder, of my mother's grief and death, of the long years of lonely orphanage, of the hard struggle of years to support myself and Susie. The hot blood surged through my body. Vengeance took possession of me like an evil spirit, and I watched my enemy with a fierce pleasure, ready to spring upon him and sink my knife into his breast.

But some good influence came to my rescue in time to save me from committing a deed that would have stained my hands with human blood, and soiled my spirit with a crime that no after regrets could wash away. Wild Cat saw that he had met one who was more than a match for him. Physical strength, courage and hatred—these were the qualities he could respect; and he began to listen to Wa-will-a-way, who drew some forcible arguments from the spirit I had shown. Meantime Tom was

talking to me, trying to allay my passion and to induce me to let the murderer go.

"Tell him to go away—far away. Let me never see him again. If he follows me I will give him to the wolves and buzzards."

These words, which Wa-will-a-way seemed to comprehend, he interpreted in a forcible way to Wild Cat, and he took up his gun, and motioned to his two companions to come with him, and we saw him no more.

Tom said he had lost his interest in trapping beaver and proposed to go down the river.

"No," I replied. "There are more beaver above and below us. I shall stay till they stop coming to the traps. Wa-will-a-way stay with us. Go up stream."

"Ugh! Wa-will-a-way—father of Molis. Send bad Indians heap away."

We remained on that creek a week longer, until we had twenty-five beaver skins, and then, with Wa-will-a-way in the bow of our canoe, we paddled out boldly by the Indian camp and down the Scioto. When we had gone below Paint Creek our guardian left us, and we invited him to come to see us at the mouth of Paint Creek in the moon of strawberries.

"Eat our pelewa. Eat mugwa. Ugh!" said Tom, adding a string of Indian words in the deep guttural tones and the very accent of his teacher, and as soberly as any old warrior by the evening campfire. Wa-will-a-way stared at him a moment, and then clapping his hand on his shoulder said:

"Tom, good Shawano. Come live by Wa-will-a-way's fire."

Tom shook his head.

"Tom must go back to Anderson's cabin."

It was now late in November, but on the hills of southern Ohio the bears were still roaming about, and we followed their trail until we had added a dozen skins to our store of peltry. We looked it over with deep satisfaction.

"Our trip has been a success, but I would not care to go through it again for twice as much."

"I would undertake it again tomorrow," I replied. "I have lost something of the innocent feeling of my youth, but I have acquired a determination to carry out my plans against all obstacles that is worth more to me than all these skins. And now let's take them up to Pittsburg and get the best price for them."

Tom agreed with me and two weeks later we

sold our peltry and buckskins for more than two hundred dollars.

"We have done well. I can pay Massie for my land and have some money left for a new compass. And now I must buy Susie a nice dress."

"And I will get one for mother, but I shall save my money to buy land in Massie's new town on the Scioto."

We now pushed down the river as rapidly as possible, for cold weather had set in and we were afraid the river might freeze over and compel us to walk home. We reached the station about the end of the year, well and hearty and satisfied with the results of our venture.

At Pittsburg we found a great deal of talk about the prospects of the territory, and every one assured us there would be a great rush of emigrants in the spring.

The period of war had come to an end and the era of rapid settlement and development begins with the year 1796. That period was crowded with interesting events which belong to another story.

CHAPTER XXVI

THE LOST MANUSCRIPT

General Worthington hardly realized how trying a task he had undertaken, when he offered to read the story of Morris Patterson to his grandchildren. His voice was not very strong at this period and forty or fifty pages taxed it rather severely. But when he was in the midst of some of the more exciting events of the story neither of the children was willing he should stop, but teased him to read one more chapter, so that they might be sure Morris had safely surmounted the difficulties, or had been rescued from the dangers that surrounded him.

Eleanor wished there were more about Susie, and was disappointed that there was no romance about her. She said Susie was a brave, energetic girl, as many of the pioneer girls must have been.

Arthur thought she was too young to be having romantic experiences and that there might be something of that kind afterward. He was a little

impatient over some of the descriptions of the work of surveying, but after his curiosity about the adventures of Morris and his companions had been satisfied, he thought more about the work they accomplished which was so important.

"Morris had plenty of trouble for one boy, but he came through on top," Arthur remarked when the last chapter had been finished. "He was the kind of a boy who didn't get discouraged or frightened, and he used his brains and common sense to find a way out of trouble."

"But there were two or three times when he couldn't have escaped, if old Josh had not come just at the right time to help him."

"Eleanor, why do you call him old Josh? He wasn't old. I'd like to know something more about him. Does he come into the second part of the story, grandfather?"

"Oh, yes, there is more about him, and the caves, and about Tom Anderson, and Massie, of course. And, as I told you before, the second manuscript brings in my father and Governor Tiffin and Governor St. Clair, and his friend, Judge Burnet, and a number of other prominent actors in the making of our state, and in the founding and early history of this city."

"Couldn't you tell it to us now?"

"Oh no, Arthur. I do not remember the story well enough to tell it, and I should only mangle it if I should attempt it. You know how it is when you are reviewing history. You may think you know the events of a period very well, but telling them in their proper order and putting in the dates exactly, and getting in the connecting incidents, requires close and painstaking study."

"Everything gets jumbled up in your head, and you can't tell anything well unless you know it thoroughly," said Eleanor. "You can think of fifty things you are interested in, but you can't tell about one of them clearly."

"Of course, children, I can tell you of many events in the history of Chillicothe, the first capital of our state. But there would not be time for it, as your visit is almost over. Day after tomorrow we must take the canal boat and go to Columbus, and the next morning I'll put you on the train for Cincinnati and at night your father will meet you there.

"You are coming again to visit us next spring, and then I hope, indeed I feel sure, I shall have discovered the lost manuscript, and we will read it together."

"Oh, that will be grand. We love to come to this nice old house to visit."

"Indeed we do, grandfather," said Arthur; "but April seems a long way off. It's a quarter of a year."

"Oh fie, Arthur. Why make three months seem longer by calling them a quarter of a year? Three months seem but a short time to me."

"But I can't look at it as you do, grandfather. Three months, or even one month, does seem a long time to a boy."

"Well, then, Arthur, be sure you do not waste so much precious time. Crowd it with useful studies, with serious thoughts, with helpful deeds for others; and with healthful amusements and active outdoor play and work, which will develop and strengthen your body, and the time will pass more quickly; or rather, you will not think about the time, but about what you are doing."

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